

NBC'S FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY

**CASTLE
of
FRANKENSTEIN**



756

No. 21

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WRAPAROUND Cover. In Sophie Calle's, *The Golden Voyage of Sinbad*, by artist Marcus the Magnificent.



FRANKENSTEIN

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CALVIN T. BECK, Publisher, editor and layout director. **Edwin Beck**, associated publisher. **Mario Clinton**, layout assistant. **Merton Fox**, associate editor. **Nicholas Morgan**, editorial associate. **Joe Danté, Jr.**, associate editor.

Contributing Editors: **Philip B. Morrison**, **Victor White**, **Ken Beale**, **George Stoen**, **Buddy Wiss**, **Paul Roen**, **Bob Schaeffer**, **Orion Kane**, **Steve Vertes**.

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THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

1973 was a remarkable Horror year... but in many ways than just one. Squelched out this issue is CoF's special exposé of the so-called Energy Crisis—otherwise known as: A Cross A Day Keeps Presidential Impediment Away. If nothing sensational happens between now and next issue, maybe we'll run it anyway. But even a run-of-the-mill issue like the Fall "Crisis" comes some mixed "blessings," I'm afraid though it's: People seem to be less selfish; fewer cars are on the road as more car pools are getting organized. With or without a Power Problem, though, it would be a great day to see some kind of "new" or something passed that would ban cars, carrying only one passenger, from venturing into business areas during peak hours. International publishers and editors of SFantaFilm maga excepted, of course, along with other professionals working for the good of mankind.

Even if the Energy "problem" is a gigantic hoax (which it is), the Bureaucratic Number-skills aren't even suggesting that staggering working hours around a 24-hour day would be a boon. It'd cut down heavily on fuel waste, businesses would boom, and air pollution would drop dramatically. The reason Bureaucracy doesn't make sensible suggestions is because it would play hay with their age-long compunction to keep society in perpetual anxiety and semi-demoralization. For a change, more people seem aware of this than ever. It's going to prove very interesting, in 1974, to see what they determine during about it.

Even as 1973 neared its end, SFantasy-Imaginatives rose more importantly than ever. Even though large-scale investments were made back in '70, which will rise in '76. **A SPACE ODYSSEY**, **ROSEMARY'S BABY**, and **PLANET OF THE APES**, never had film industry reacted with such enthusiasm to SFantasy as it did recently. Reaching more people in two earnings than any genre entry's done before, NBC-TV's string of **FRANKENSTEIN** excited the whole world, drew in excellent high ratings, and was an open admission on the part of film investors that SFantasy is what the public wants! And, tragic as MGM's withdrawal from theatrical films may be, it's tragically ironic that **WESTWORLD**, their final production, should emerge as a colossal box-office success after a long string of MGM flops. Meanwhile, at TV, Hollywood and overseas studios are becoming more busily with numerous SFantasy productions. **Wendy Atten's SLEEPER** and the \$13 million dollar **THE EXORCIST** are coming along strong at the box-office. As we go to press, here have played nearly two weeks (not to mention others) in the past few film theaters in captivity. Reports reaching us from all over the country stress the difficulty of getting into a theater, two to five hour waiting periods standing on lines!!

Most interesting of all reports is that SFantasy-Imaginatives box offices will constitute more than 50% of all theatrical releases and (though it's always background) at least 20% of prime time TV in 1974. It'll be a most impressive and an unusual year.

— Calvin T. Beck —



HOW YOU'RE GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM?

Dear Cal:

After buying all kinds of movie mags, motor boats etc., more than ten years, *CoF* is not only always top out in the lead, but man! They are ever better than ever (if that's at all possible). For a moment there, around two years ago, I thought that *MFT* (Monogram Times) was going to be a refreshing challenge, well, after a couple issues I kept buying them. *MFT* was good, but it just never developed a mass. As their staff looks like reclusive sages in *CoF* and other places years ago. And their "layout" and appearance?!! Excellent! Famous Monsters is even more appetizing. Oh, once every 8 or 9 issues there comes out what seems an "original" article, but it's just the regulars regurgitating the same old stuff or something like that. *CoF* has more info, research and class, quality just in a few issues! By the way, I amny how movie titles can be like a curse. Yours is like a *Coffin* at gold (*On Our Deaths* *CoF*!!!), *MFT* seems empty. And "How you're gonna keep 'em down on the farm?" (I am not reading *CoF* right now!) [lower sheet] Why a *book*? And that's the neatest word I ever said! [blab], Hey—I love the idea of your "Fascination At Large" section. By putting the various departments together in this section, you now have more room for other things. Great! My only beef: *Yesterdays* is a bore. I am not a *Loose Cannon*, that's just easier to do than starring in a *Loose Cannon*. Your *Intention* at once in a great while, then leave us chomping at the bit for more. What are you going to do about it, Calvin?

Ronnie McIver, 214 Cedar Lane, Teaneck, N.J.

—We're covering our blunder, that's what we're doing about it! In fact, don't say a word to anyone, but the next *CoF* (no. 22) may be out 45 to 50 days at the most after this issue hits the stands! We're really going bust our (blab) to make up for lost time from here forth. And... be faithful over there who've helped make it possible. Thanks. —CTB.

HOGAN'S HEROES

Dear Mr. Beck & Co.:

CoF no. 20 was another fine issue, but I would suggest more emphasis on films of the past, as well as a greater diversification of subject matter in general. 30% of *CoF* seems dedicated to current films, while this is fine in itself, *CoF* once featured a wider variety of material.

On the Letters sheet, ... as far as the *easy* and *obscure* I will just list the two words as interchangeable dividers—all I can say is that the female breast has terrified more people than the most horrific of mythical beasts. Perhaps it bites when the victim is not looking. The word *obscure* is not just not well known, it's also a *bad* name. That's all I want to say to those who consider pre-adolescent breasts...etc.)

Messrs. Fay and Dantes are to be commended for their perceptive reviews of *THEATRE OF BLOOD*. It's a delightful film, a marvelous mixture of suspense, gore and black humor. *THEATRE* is a *classic* in the making. *Death* is an aesthetic and artistic statement. It is a shame that it has no *Lady Macbeths*.

The alphabetical *Movies* (111 films are, of course, inevitable. To the *111* I would add Hitchcock's excellent *1946 NOTORIOUS*. *1000* *Inset*: Bergman is quite convincing as a neophyte undercover agent assigned by Gary Grant to spy on a gang of communists. *Inset*: *Carrie* (Randa, Intrigue and suspense to life and limb ahead). A top-flight suspense.

An addition to the review of *NOT OF THIS EARTH*: Corman stock company players Jonathan Haze and Dick Miller appear. Haze is Paul Birch's chauffeur, and Miller is a waist-cracking vacuum salesman who visits as Birch's henchman. Miller is a master of the archetypal "hick" role. Does anyone know anything about him?

Your review of *Baroness's NIGHTMARE CASTLE* is right on. The film is a gem and Barbara Steele is exquisite.

And you planning any coverage of the *Kung Fu* flicks? I am not sure if they are art or just out-and-out trash but they're entertaining. The Bruce Lee entries are the best, and the *Actor's* ultimately cuts out short what could have been a career of superstar proportions. (I didn't think the marvelous Mr. Lee was more than 30 years at age. Many will remember him as

Kato or as *Isa* in the *GREEN HORNET* series—etc.) *PISTOLS OF FURY* is a pic with good production values and beautifully choreographed fight scenes. *THE CHINESE CONNECTION* is marked by atrocious dubbing, too few sets, and a totally supercilious (about enjoyment) *Actor's* (etc.). *THE GREEN PENTER* *THE CRAZY GIRL* promises to be better.

A few current film books are worth recommending. *Len Lye's "The Disney Prism"* is excellent—a superb reference work as well as a tribute to a man who entertained us all. *"James Bond in the Cinema,"* by John Brahm, is needed for the *Actor's* (etc.) *Book Freaks*. *The 1000 Best Books for Men* through *DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER*, plus the author's perceptive comments. Also, many photos, complete credits and a brief examination of lesser serials. *Rains and TV spies*.

Ray Harryhausen's *"Film Fantasy Script Book,"* published by A. S. Barnes, is a must for all *RM* fans. Ray supplements his fascinating comments with dozens of stunning photos.

Lately—two books that, while not directly related to *Shanty*, should be in the library of any serious film fan: *"Gambit"* (Script and *Legend*) by Howard Koch, is a fine presentation of Koch's original script, plus articles and reviews by him and others, as well as 15 tantalizing photos.

Penetrating, witty, perceptive, duped, and generally brilliant about some us Norman Mailer's *"Marilyn,"* *Death of a Salesman* and *Moments* will win this. Scores of breathtaking photos add to the beauty of this sumptuous book about one of this century's Great Orpheus.

The return of *The Coming Book Council* or anything similarly intelligent would be greatly appreciated. There is simply too much good material coming out to ignore. *DCV*, *SHAZAM!*, *SWAMP THING*, *THE CROW* and others are very fine. Unfortunately, *King's* work has slipped badly. *MONK* is going absolutely nowhere, and *MISTER MURKIN* is barely getting by. Only *HAMANDI* eats it. *BL* didn't do so badly either in *THE GREEN PLANET OF THE APES* film series—etc.) *Mardi* is going in all directions and *Death of a Salesman* *THE GREEN PENTER*—*One* *Death* is a *surprise*. *SAVAGE TALES*, if it sells, will remain a *surprise* of quality.

Danny Conway is shining on *THE FANTASTIC FOUR* and *SHREWD MAN*, and Steve Englehardt is going somewhere on *THE AVENGERS* and *THE DEPENDERS*. *SM* *Subversive* has shown himself to be a *surprise* in the *books*, and *SM* *Surprise* is doing amazing work. *RED FDR* *HIRE* hasn't fulfilled its promise but is definitely worthwhile. Failures are few: *THUNDER*, *MAN-THING*, and the *Book* *East* *Surf*—*MURKIN* *Surprise* are among the losers.

Anyway, there you have my suggestions, criticisms, etc. *CoF* is the very best in its field, absolutely the best among the mass-circulated *mag*. Keep that up, guys! I guess I'm somewhat attached to the cover film, *David Hogen*, 6409 Chester St. [no 58], Mentor, Ohio 44060.

—Due to popular demand, heard upon thousands of letters and word (mostly high tem-
per), *Comics Reviews* are now definitely back, in fact, maybe with this issue. *Mighty Movie Movers On!* (Milestone is our own new *superhero*—definitely related to the big *Red Char*. Okay, ask at "Why?" Answer: "Cause it's the Son of Gorgon-oids. Explaining the entire genealogy is too involved at the moment... something to do with a few old French author's weird private life.)

Probably no one ever stated better so-
ciety's hangup about the female breast than Woody Allen's *EVERYTHING YOU AL-*
WAY *WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX*. *One* *of* *the* *best* *modern* *Star**spacy* *films*—*no*
building *stars*.

Entertaining old film? Some of you guys need to *ESP* much—how's about the *Sequel* *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* and *NOT OF THIS EARTH* *retrospectives* this issue, eh? That'll teach ya'—CTB.

HITCHCOCK

Dear Cal:

Why wasn't *NOTORIOUS* (1946 min-

Address all mail to **GOTHIC CASTLE PUBLISHING CO.**, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017
Keep those cards and letters pouring in, gang!

RHO—35481 included in your Frankenbilly TV Movember “MTV” list? I’d really like to see it reviewed since it is my second favorite Hitchcock film. Psycho, North By Northwest, Vertigo, Rear Window, Strangers On A Train and The 39 Steps are tied for first place. I’m a great admirer of Hitchcock, and also seems to me that you’ve never really addressed him in your other interesting coverage and reviews. The 39 Steps, Considered Mr. Hitchcock’s prodigious talents, any one of his films was worth mention on the pages of *Screen Time* magazine.

I would also be very interested in corresponding with other Hitchcock fans.
Charles Kudlinski, 8111 Calumet, Detroit,
Mich. 48238.

—I've somehow the author's feeling that we're overlooking Hitchcock's *NOTORIOUS*. No, no occasion was really so purpose. Granted that in our blog and upcoming history of Hitchcock's *Films* we'll cover all of this master's productions, there are at least a few which do not quite fall even within *Crit's* broad interpretation of "detective" films. Thus I personally like *NOTORIOUS*'s very much (and more critics think it's one of Hitch's best try and effort), it carries a heavy drawing-room drama mood, assisted with well-written, breezy but exciting exchanges of dialogue. Neatly stretched out, almost interminable romantic interludes between Bergman and Grant when down what little excitement seems to exist. Complicated by looking supporting players, Claude Rains as a smooth but rankly evil individual now, just a heelie removed from his earlier (who respects Bergman and his pioneering her ability to depict), and hours of A-shoddy *inveigle* are all held in neatly by Hitch and his usual kind of ingenious cinematic devices. Perhaps we erred and should recognize it as a "Café type" film, but come again to Hitch's other high-tension output, like *THE W. W. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT*, *REAR WINDOW*, *SABOTEUR*, and so many more, it seemed too stiff and marginal for inclusion there. Even if we don't always fit the ball's-in-the-100%, perhaps the above discussions should put a bit more light on *Café's* genuine *Piggyback Philosophy*, part of which is: If you know of a film that's got something to it, be sure to spread it around so the other critics catch it. —CTB

"W" LISTING ADDITIONS

Dear Cat:

Thanks much for your consistently excellent publication which I've ardently supported for years. I mean, let's face it—yours is the only publication that is dyed-in-the-skin SF/fantasy freaks can turn to for intelligent, highly informative readings. You're out there in the outside world,

The thing I appreciate the most about CoF is the level-headed manner in which your film reviewers do their job. If ever there was such a thing as constructive criticism, you'd do it more generously than others (right off the Living Dead), and, upon occasion, less than generously (piling your anti-Ambrose talk). But whatever, you do it well and make it stand as a truly respectable form.

Your summer 1968 was tops as usual, but it notched several milestones in your "W" Ratings, as these truly list.

NECRONOMANCY (Cinema, 1972). Orson Welles and Peter C. Francis in a 40th-anniversary bel of the occult that moves at a snail's pace. Marks the return of Bert Gordon to Hammer SF films. Bad news, of course.

NIGHT CALLER FROM OUTER SPACE

Haines is a low-budget though diverting SFer about a deformed space creature that comes to Earth for some help.

THE NIGHT EVELYN CAME OUT OF THE GRAVE (Phase One, 1972). One of those bottom-of-the-barrel sex-&-sodium ordnals. Totaly worthless crap.

RIGHT OF THE BLOOD BEAST (AIP, 1958). Ed Nelson struggles to save the world from deadly parasites and their big bird-like hordes. Potentially intriguing picante mammal by short-string budget, lack.

NIGHT OF THE LEPUS (MGM, 1972). Janet Leigh, Stuart Whitman and Rory Calhoun battle giant rabbits in this one. Honest. **NO SURVIVORS, PLEASE** (CANNON, 1985). The talents of Maria Pitillo are not evident in this very typical SF about alien beings knocking off humans and taking over their bodies. Leesy cubbins.

**Don Craft, 1115 WEEKES HALL, NARROW,
MINNESOTA 55721.**

—Unfortunately, arrived very deteriorating letters that went into great detail about *Asylum* (and a number of other good ones), including for one letter, *colossal*, that was a sad disappearance act while we were in the throes of changing around our office floors. Your to "Aero" around and really worth it at times. Apologies are in order to those letter writers that, re: *American films*... a few of those obviously not for whom was constituted as "heroic" criticism on our part against America, obviously. I have done some *Café* documents like the *State of the Union* and a *Half-Cart*. *CAF* has always been great to launch press on the subject when it was felt they deserved it. *Stevens* took back our *hanged laundry* on *America: THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD*—the reviewer's positive review extended itself nearly hysterically to the idea that *Hannover* should move over and that *America* was inheriting their mantle. And that *base* I can contradict *Reader* *Peter* who diagnosed *Asylum* as "ASYLUM" most vehemently, since I consider it to be one of the best horror films in recent years. So, here up on your *Café* homepage, or like remember that *As Lucy's* torso is *Chucky's* monster body in *GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN* and "What good is this body if I have eyes that cannot see?" Or something to that effect—*CTB*

HONG KONG BOOK

Dear Cap

Moise Noshenoff (CCH memo 26, p. 36) states that a book on KING KONG was to be published in 1973, by Peppermint-Hall, who are located in NJ. When I called them for further information, they said they knew nothing of a venture. Do I purchase the rights to the wrong Peppermint-Hall? If so, please let me know as I am interested in it to appear. G. Ganz, 68 W. 37th St., New York, NY 10018

— You're not the only one to get, so are (were) many of us. *Positive Math* was truly pleasing to put out a KIDS book. Last thing we heard was that plans were the best because of copyright problems and other money considerations. Another publisher, though, is thinking of doing it by cutting them a lot of the legal headache.

We're quite concerned and irritated about this and similar problems involving film books. Until around two years ago, it was a relatively simple matter for most film book authors to get photo clearances (without which, how much appeal does such a book have, right?). Suddenly, a couple of



sharp packages forced to either a couple of film book "specials," built around serial Big Names and narrated by the most solidly congenital that, normally, only bestsellers like "The World" and "Day of the Jackal" get. Movie studio legal flacks in rose up overnight, insisting that there's gold in those hills, and decided to endow long-established precedents (passing more than 25 years of film book publishing) and thought how easily it would be to demand a piece of the "action." Nothing could be worse, not even, though, since the average film book is merely a labor-of-love (discouraging many of the fly-by-nighters flooding this market, based mostly on re-written material lifted from other sources) if it's quite unusual for a film book to sell out 100%, much less go into a second edition. *Even so*, it's inconceivable there's any action to be had in this. *Even so*, it's a good chance out of a year to have *Black Jack* (1973) \$3500. First is that having film books published is usually consider productive to all film studios, their producers, distributors, etc., etc. that their own publicity of not upon the good will and success of which even the greatest book can create. Bureaucratic legal departments never cease to amaze us. Anyway, there's now some indication that movie legal departments may begin relaxing four-tenths, and film book production will find freedom after more. *CJS*

問題：CENSUSの問題

Dear Cat

CoP 17 and 18 were truly superb. But I'm afraid nos. 16 and 20 degenerated to a

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NEW MARVELS, MAGIC AND MONSTERS AS
MOVIELAND'S MIGHTY MAGICIAN, RAY
HARRYHAUSEN, Returns To The Screen After
More Than Four Years!



Top photo: Ray Harryhausen working on his Homunculus.
John Philip Law as Sirens.
Caroline Munro as Margaux.

CAST & CREDITS

John Philip Law (Sirens); Caroline Munro (Margaux); Tom Baker (Roupe); Georges Wetter (The White Man); Michael Sheen (Inquisitor); Kieron Moore (Pilgrim); Tim Exley (Priest); (Athenians); John D. Gifford (Athenian); Gregoire Palen (Athenian); Alan Sennett (Dolphin); Ricardo Sánchez (Spanish Fisherman); John Philip Law (Pandragos); María Fernández (Athenian); Juan Magán (Captain of the Guard); Producer: Charles H. Schneer; Co-producer and director of visual effects: Ray Harryhausen; story: Ray Harryhausen and John D. Gifford; on story by Bryan Daniels and Ray Harryhausen; music: Miklos Rózsa; make-up: José Antonio Sánchez; special effects and art: Manuel Baquero.

The Golden Voyage of Sinbad



Any Harryhausen film is a visual trip through wonders of magic, fantasy and storybook adventure. He's been delighting millions, young and old, for more than a generation, ever since he collaborated with KING KONG's creator, Willis O'Brien, to work on that other Wonder of the World, the original, the inimitable MIGHTY JOE YOUNG back in 1948.

Renowned as a genius of special effects and animation, how then does Harryhausen's magic stack up this time in THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD? Well, get ready for the surprise of your life. Yes, incredible as it may sound, Harryhausen's talents come thru better, greater than ever!

Even those who aren't numbered among the teeming, mushrooming hordes of special effects buffs will appreciate the radical improvement of Harryhausen's animation for this film. "But, oh great mystic oracle, with the huge jewel that is as big as myself in the middle of thy forehead," pipes the shrill voice of the little Thief of Bagdad (while riding on his flying carpet, of course), "is it at all possible? Can it be that he who shines the great Ray of magic upon the land can surpass earlier wondrous achievements?"

Whereupon the great Father of a beard smiled paternally through his great white whiskers and clothed the young lad in raiment passed on from the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid unto his Seventh son



Top: Douglas Wilmer as the Grand Vizier; Center: the evil Kozar the Segregated; Bottom: Tom Baker as Kozar the Segregated, changing his appearance. Opposite page: Sinbad's crew and friends change as the monstrous ship figurehead, the Sun, is brought to life by the evil Kozar.



who, in turn, gave it to his Seventh son.

"The great oracle has decreed that wisdom shall be thine for ever more, for you have wisely chosen to be a Fuan of the good magicians, Khei Hsei-Hoo-zahn."

In a word or two: Harryhausen's animation and special effects look better in GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAO thanks to most recent technical advancements (known only to Ray and his private geali in his collection of magic lamps). The new RHF process is called *Dywarane*, successor to *Dynamation*. Consequently, RHF's animation/igel fx now look so much more natural that it's virtually impossible to see any travelling matte work.

Nearly four years in the planning and production stage (special effects alone required over a year's work), principal photography took place on the island of Mallorca, on the Spanish mainland and in the Vizcaya Studios just outside Madrid. Academy Award-winning cinematographer Ted Moore, assigned to GOLDEN VOYAGE, shot some of the film's very interesting scenes in and around Mallorca's famous Caves of Art; artifacts dating back thousands of years have been found in these fabulous caves, and producer Charles Schneer wondered what future archaeologists will think of 20th century civilization when they come across scores of rubber-tipped arrows left in the caves after one scene.

Other important locations used in the film include an 88 million walled area in which palaces, churches, homes, squares and streets were built in exact detail of those existing in other parts of Spain, and corrected to resemble an Arabian town of the 14th century. Sand had to be spread all over the streets, providing some trouble—it was far easier laying down than packing it up again.





Another important location was Tumac de Forcas, a pebble-laden river estuary, set between towering cliffs and accessible via a tunnel cut through solid rock—it was originally discovered and used more than fifteen years ago for *THE 7th VOYAGE OF SENBAD*, and was now an ideal site to shoot the sequence where Senbad and his men (and later Koua [Caroline Munro]) land on Lemuria. Senbad's ship itself (actually built to full scale) is a masterpiece of detail, thanks to production designer John Stoll.

THE STORY

As his ship passes over the waters of a secret sea, Senbad and his men spy a strange creature flying overhead. Shouting his warning too late, Senbad cannot draw one of his men from shooting down the creature with an arrow. Falling upon the deck, it is a most strange thing indeed, semi-elliptical, bat-like and harnessed. Around its tiny neck is an unusual amulet of gold. Pagan, no need to one of his men, who calls it "a thing of evil." Senbad takes it in his hand and refuses to cast it into the sea. Far from lifelike and only slightly scathed, the creature recovers quickly and flies away.

Perhaps the strange amulet is secured, strange images and dreams haunt Senbad. Thus, a terrifying, raging storm beats his

beach ship, nearly destroying it. Battered but in one piece, the ship heads finally to shore. On landing and taking stock of his whereabouts, Senbad meets with an eerie, black-clad man who introduces himself as Prince Koua who is attempting to possess Senbad's amulet, thus killing him in a sword fight but is forced to flee from Senbad when the tables are turned.

Soon after, Senbad is greeted by a golden-masked stranger, the Grand Vizier of Marabia who escorts the dynamic manner to his great palace. Arrived on Lemuria, all of Senbad's adventures, he points to the strange amulet and tells Senbad, "The amulet means to me that Destiny has brought us together!" While he tells Senbad about the terrible tragedies and afflictions created by the evil Prince Koua, they are being overseen by a harridan, the

evil being transmuted psychically all it hears back to its creator, Koua. Meanwhile, the Vizier reveals another amulet, like Senbad's—thus these may yet unlock wonders beyond imagination, and powers that can bring good or, if under the evil Koua's control, instead evil to the whole world. If it can flee, the weird harridan is caught, but even as Senbad holds it, it shrivels into dust. They are then certain Koua knows—that it will be a race to the unknown reaches of Lemuria in order to head off the evil senectus.

A new addition to his crew is Margana, a beautiful slave-girl, whom Senbad promptly liberates once they are aboard. Far out at sea, Senbad and the Vizier learn that Koua's own ship is not far behind, but knowing they can't outrun the ship, they plan on capturing him



by loading Koura's ship thru treacherous waters that could destroy or, at least, delay his craft.

But powerful and awful indeed is Koura's magic, though its ravaging effect has begun to age her noticeably. Evering every ounce of her physical and mortal power, Koura sends out thoughts to Sinbad's ship directed to the ship's figurehead, a massive wooden arm. Started by the sounds of splintering wood, the crew gapes in terror to see the giant figurehead come to life and stride among them as a behemoth would among puppets. Miles away under Koura's red spell, the dreadful wooden arm takes her toll of lives, wiping up the deck with bone shards in her swarthy path... And Sinbad and his crew of his men bring her to an unexpected end by impaling her with an im-

Above and opposite page: this fearful power of Cato, the idol goddess, is brought to play as the evil Koura (Tom Baker) brings her to life to fight and destroy Sinbad and his friends.





nowise issue harpoon. The battle, though, has also taken its toll from Koursa, who now looks gaunt and ten years older.

"I know you will do if you go on this way," says Achmed, Koursa's side.

"To sum up the demons of darkness has a price," answers Koursa. "And each time I call upon them, it consumes a part of me." Koursa knows though that once he reaches his goal, his youth will return.

Knowing his ship cannot overtake Sibbad, Koursa expends his full powers again to create another homunculus. "Sibbad cannot hide from me now," says Koursa as he sends his evil masses flying off.

At last Sibbad and his friends arrive at Lemaria, a land so verdant and lovely to the eye that it seems unreal. Soon they see ahead their destination — the ruins of a colossal temple that seems as if it once housed forgotten gods. None are aware that Koursa's evil creation, the homunculus, watches in hiding.

"What is it, friend?" asks Sibbad of his god-like masked companion.

"It is the Temple of the Oracle — The Temple of All Knowledge," explained the Visitor.

Inside they find a strange hooded figure standing by a fathomless well, as if absorbed in prayer. The hooded one speaks out aloud strange riddles, telling them there is yet a third socket that must be secured to complete the magic charm that will grant them the extraordinary powers they seek.

Meanwhile, through incantations and diabolical means of his own invention, Koursa tries destroying the Temple's interior to thwart his enemies. Undismayed, Sibbad and his comrades climb up a rope that an opening above;

but not before the desolate homunculus tries its own brand of mischief — only to be cut down by an arrow from one of Sibbad's men.

By separate routes Koursa and Sibbad's company race on to their mutual destination.

Quite without warning, Koursa and his side are brought on all fours and captured by wild, green-skinned natives. They are shortly brought to a most spurious ancient temple ruled by the evil green skin. And, yet, even more spectacular is their giant shaggy idol — a menacing golden whorl the natives call Caco. His side fears all is lost, but Koursa issues his command he will soon turn the tide to his advantage. Unexpectedly, the ignorant savages watch as Koursa applies a strange potion upon the great idol's body. Shuddering, crashing metallically, the golden Caco comes to life and goes into an exotic ritual dance. There are others now who watch — Sibbad and his group have just entered upon the scene.

Then, at Koursa's command, the idol steps forth to combat Sibbad, all of its deadly axes and wedging sharp overalls.

"To the death, Caco," says Koursa. "Death to our enemy!"

Over-sided though the battle sevens, and witnessing the death of some of his dear crewmen, Sibbad overcomes the monstrous idol and sends his cousin to pass on. Koursa's wife, however, have impressed the singer who, by his command, surround and overcome Sibbad and his group. They are then escorted a short distance, and Sibbad reaches to his horror that the beautiful Margiana has been selected to be sacrificed to some horrid creature whom the natives call a "god." Raising Margiana upon a crude lift, they lower her down into a huge, yawning pit. The terrified maiden soon



Top: Sibbad at last joins his crew to slay Koursa (Oliver). Margiana (Carolyn Munro) whimpers as she savages with a mystical tattoo on her back. On the right: the bright and legendary Captain meets his doom.

hears the sound of approaching hooves emanating from a dark cavern. And a horrible one-eyed Cyclops appears!

Sibbad is suddenly impaled and asks the natives so that he may reveal his terrible consciousness (formed three years before by Koursa's evil). One look at his terrible skull-like features, and the wild men fall back in fear. Sibbad, taking advantage of the confusion, climbs into the pit to save Margiana, joined by his companions... but too late, as the Cyclops reaches over and escapes with a

case holding Margana.

Following closely behind, Sibhad discovers Margana unharmed by the fountain so that she might be saved for a later "dinner." Quickly leading her away in the creature's absence, they go only a short distance and come upon a huge, splended cauldron filled with rich treasures and ornate surroundings. In the middle stands a spectacular fountain spewing forth a constant geyser up high.

"The Fountain of Death!" declares Sibhad, awestruck by the sounds, colors and sights before him.

"Sibhad, look!" whispers Margana, pointing to a kneeling figure passing by the fountain. Turning slowly, the figure shows its aged, haggard face. It is Kousa, spent, tired, weakened and ravaged by his evil excesses, now is possessed of the three mage amulets that will not only help him regain his youth but restore power. "Aye, power unheeded by mere mortal men. Rushing into the fountain's very heart, Kousa soon walked out a young man again. But his today turns at once into bitter rage—Sibhad had meanwhile recovered the amulets while the maceuser was preoccupied with his evocative abilities.

With his wrath and hunger unquenchable comes upon the heroic maceuser, Kousa summons the horrific Centaur to deal with Sibhad. Margana's love and prayers for Sibhad, however, seem to be unanswered, for, as if from out of nowhere a fearsome being appears to challenge the Centaur—shaped like a lion, terrible talons like a Harry's, its large eagle-like face ready to lash a deadly look upon its foes, it is no other but the legendary Griffie!

Sibhad and all others are forgotten as mighty Centaur and frightened Griffie fall upon each other in a battle to the death.

"It is the Oracle foretold," said the Visitor in wonder. "The forces of Good and Evil, battling eternally."

Wat, ills! Albeit the fight between both monsters is long and bloody, the Centaur rises victorious, the Griffie defeated. Yet, all is not lost. During the maceuser's battle, some of Sibhad's men have arrived and strive to defeat the Centaur. Heartbroken, Sibhad watches helplessly as the terrible dung mace and kills one of his best men. Realizing upon the maceuser's veins the thoughts churning within him, Sibhad gains the high jagerment by in name, plucking down his sword again and again, repeatedly, until . . . the bloodied monster slumps, staggers and falls dead.

The fight hardly over, Kousa has seized two of the mage amulets. Sibhad yells out to him, but not once enough "Invulnerability, Sibhad! You can never kill me now, so, prepare to meet your much postponed doom!"

Kousa returns into the fountain's heart to heighten his evil powers. Sibhad follows and, to his dismay, sees Kousa slowly becoming invisible by degrees. If Kousa was so dangerous in the past, he fleshed out well in human form to narrate the entire world! Lying in wait at his invisible form, Sibhad grows desperate by the second—he could not find no substance. And Kousa's mocking laughter resounds throughout the great cavern in distance, but never heard twice from the same spot.

Shouting, "Sibhad!" Margana gasps, and Sibhad looks directly to where she points. The sorceress is hiding underneath with the falling waters of the magical geyser and, though invisible, her body's outlines are fully evident as the water cascades around him. Sibhad strikes solidly with his sword. . . at the right spot. Sibhad and the dying Kousa understand. It all happened as it was predicted at the Temple of Knowledge.

The fountain's waters gush higher, more heating the bodily crimsoned by Kousa's blood. The waters fade to their pure, natural white shade. The fight against evil has been won.

Margana gasps out in joy, "Look, Sibhad, into the Water behind you!"



In the clear, still waters he sees a wondrous reflection—as if he were a wealthy Sultan, dressed from head to foot in the richest silks and jewels, and the richest crown that any potentate could own resting upon his head.

The vision faded away, but the reality of precious jewels vanished as Subhad reached into the waters to pick up not a diamond nor a sapphire but a pearl crown. The Crown of Manksa!

"Your Highness," Sinbad says, addressing the Grand Vizier as he approaches.

"Highs and Lows" —
"Are ye not the true and worthy successors
to the thrones of Marabba? This Allah set dis-
posed that . . ." said Siroud, "from the Fountain
of Destiny itself to sit upon your head?"

Placing the Crown of Manhood upon the Vines' head, Serbad witnesses a most sensational thing take place. Magically the Vines' golden mask melts and vanishes, revealing the face of a handsome young man—a man born to rule with love and wisdom.

The waters of the Fountain of Destiny
glowed golden. It was said, in that secret place,
the heavens were ~~purple~~ pure gold.

THE STARS

Usually, only famous or infamous celebrities can have a "deathmask" of themselves in Mrs. Tussaud's famed Wax Museum in London. But Douglas Wilmer, who is neither, had it done. Appearing as the Grand Vizier, all his face is "burned" by east-scarcer Kouan (Tom Baker). To cover the deformity, he wears a golden mask, covered from a plastercast by Colin Arthur who worked many months on Tussaud's before becoming a studio make-up man.

After making the cast, Colpa molded the Vizier's mask from it in a glued polyurethane lined with foam rubber, which fit like a glove.

Aside from majoring in architecture before taking acting (and responsible for many invaluable production suggestions in *GOLDEN VOYAGE*), Douglas Wilmer is a graduate of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, followed by a long repertory career in the West End. He made his film debut in 1955 in *Richard III* and over a dozen other films, including *El Cid*, *Chaprioza*, *Cromwell*, *Patton*, not to mention much TV work.

John Philip Law, who stars as Surbird, was born in Hinsdale, but didn't start acting until he joined University of Illinois's dramatic society while studying engineering, then switching to psychology. After working in the Hinsdale Community Theater, he returned to the States and enrolled in the famous Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. Back in California again, he studied under Sandy Meisner, 20th Century-Fox's drama coach. 20th then offered him a stock player's contract, but John chose instead a scholarship at the Neighborhood Playhouse. His first important role was in the Broadway play, "Come On Strong," winning him a contract with the Lincoln Center Repertory Company. While vacationing away from the Center in '63 in Italy, Franco Rossini gave him a role in *High Infidelity*. Next year, again in Italy, John appeared opposite Catherine Spaak in *Three Nights of Love*. Back at the Center, he was spotted by Norman Jewison, and given the gency role of the Russian submarine in *The Russians Are Coming*. Since then it's been all up for John who has appeared in *Harry Sundown*, *Deathspell*, *Barbara's*, *The Sergeant*, *The Hiawatha*, *Of Course*, *Courtesy*, *Even Libby*, *The Last Movie*, *Michael Strogoff*, *Von Richthofen and Brown*, and *The Love Machine*. Still a bachelor at thirty-five, John has a home in California, but spends a great deal of his time active in European-based films. John is also a devoted health buff, believes in doing a series of exercises daily, and follows a strict health-food regimen even while involved in location shooting.

Costar Tom Baker (who plays evil Prince



Kasurin was born in 1936 in Liverpool, but seems none of the accent that made the Beatles, his fellow Liverpudians, distinct. He's very quiet about his long, hard struggle to become an actor, but in 1958 he got his first important break when Laurence Olivier invited him to join London's prestigious National Theatre Company where, in the next three years, he appeared in "The Merchant of Venice," "A Woman Killed With Kindness," "The Merchant," "Don Juan" and others, opposite some of the greatest stars in the theatrical world. After his screen debut in 1971 as Sputnik in *Nicholas and Alexandra*, other fine roles started to follow, including *Pauline's The Canterbury Tales* and, most recently, as the diabolical artist in *Vault of Horror* (see CoF no 10). One of the very important reasons that won him the role of the evil Prince Kasurin in *GLADIATOR* is VOYAGE is the same one that gained him the role of Raspoutine, a most hypnotic-like "hook" behind his electric blue eyes. There is, therefore, much validity to the impression that CoF and other fans of Tom Baker that he could easily emerge as another Boris Karloff.

John D. Garfield, son of the famous Warner Bros. star of the Far East, was born in Los Angeles but raised in New York. He attended London's Academy of Music and Dramatic Art, graduating Brandeis University, joined England's National Repertory Theatre, remaining with them on tour in the States in '35. He debuting next year in *The Morning Show*, followed by *The Swimmers*, *That Cold Day in the Park*, *Macbeth's Gold*, *The Stupido* later, Brandeis a

heavy background in TV roles. John's a very accomplished flautist and a composer. In GOLDEN VOYAGE he appears as the colorful Abdul.

Takis Frangoulis, who plays Kosta's uncle, Achaeus, was born in Greece and then attended the National Conservatory of Music and Drama. His first film (1960) is *The Rover*, next, with Irene Pappas, in *Electric*, followed, over by more than twenty films like *Zorba the Greek*, *Oedipus the King*, *The Magus*, *Play Dirty*, *Canon for Cordoba*, and many TV appearances. Takis lives in Rome and writes plays and scripts while not acting.

Kurt Christian (Illustrus) has a background almost as exotic as any character in the film, having been born in Hong Kong of a Ceylonese mother, and, after leaving the Nazi regime, immigrating to the United States. His film debut was at age four in *The Purple Plain*. Educated in England, France and Switzerland, he appeared in London and Broadway companies of "The Royal Ballet of the Sun," and his films include *The Long Duet*, *The Last Valley*, *Devil's Imposter*.

Martin Shaw (Rachael) was also resoundingly trained for acting in England, and after many outstanding TV roles he landed his first big film part as Banquo in Roman Polanski's *Macbeth*.

— The End —



Jonathan

THE FIRST ADULT VAMPIRE FILM



JONATHAN is perhaps the most intelligent and well-made vampire film made. Produced in Germany by young filmmaker Hans W. Geissendörfer (who scripted and directed) and photographed exquisitely by Helmut Müller, the film is also politically minded. It devotes a theme used also in Polanski's *THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS*.

The theme centers around a decadent aristocratic ruling class feeding on the life-blood of the people around them. There the similarity ends. Polanski's film was comedy, Geissendörfer's is not, though it has some humor. While Polanski's vampires were physically unattractive, those in JONATHAN are elegant and beautiful and go much further by exposing the villagers' decadence, e.g., a priest's assistant who is a pyromaniac.

And there are other keys to the political metaphor. The vampire-hunting doctor (a Van Helsing type) reforms a group of students meeting to sneer that "the power of these

blood-sucking increases every day." Jonathan, one of the students, is sent ahead to infiltrate the vampires' headquarters and make way for a massive attack. The vampire leader (who sports a Hitlerian hair style) holds Jonathan captive and that he may go anywhere in his house but that he must never enter the locked doors, "for there will always be locked doors."

The politics are never obtuse, though, and do not use the fantasy, such as the wood hobby of a strange, half-soft branchback.

His only joy in his collection of crucifixes taken from past would-be vampire killers. Then there's the camerawork/photography; it's incredible. The camera glides, floats thru scenes, lunging delicately here and there. The music by Roland Kowale is superb, fitting the mood right from the beginning.

Much it is based on DRACULA, though very loosely. JONATHAN refers to Jonathan Parker, and two scenes in the film are found in the original story by Stoker: one, where the three vampire women try to drink Jonathan's blood; the other, where the peasant woman screams up at the castle, "Monster! Give me back my child!" But that's about it. Never mind is whether the vampire leader is Dracula, for the only name we know in the whole film is Jonathan's (perhaps intentional so that allusion to DRACULA would not overpower the director's message). The vampire is head of a whole coven of the undead, recalling Hammer's KISS OF EVIL.

There is also much blood—not just in the dungeons filled with victims, who are later shown being fed upon by the eager vampires, or in the "army" that defends and protects the vampire kingdom, but also on the part of





the villagers who, in their own way, are as brutal as the vampires and the army that sustain them. (As Jonathan tries passing thru the town to reach the vampires, in natives attempt to stone him, and when the villagers begin journeying to the vampire castle they run over their leader.)

The film is elegant in its creation. The first vampire attack is orchestrated to a lush melody by Edward Greig. In this scene, the vampire is revealed as a sort of saintly anti-Christ. Bearing the look of saintly martyrdom, he offers a gaping wound on his side to the lips of his victim. The power of this scene is never quite matched again as the effect becomes diluted by an abundance of other vampires doing the same thing with their victims (though these scenes too have a very disturbing effect). Perhaps, though, if it is true, as one critic noted, that nothing ever quite succeeds as well as the first vampire attack in any film in this genre.

Traces of homosexuality also take form in the torturing of Jonathan after he's discovered entering the "locked" door where the victims are kept. As in *Z*, in *THE DAMNED* and similar films, it seems a device equating homosexuality with fascism, as it seems to illustrate the decadence of the vampire kingdom.

The power of "good," of course, wins out —no matter how misrepresented by the villagers—but not until after a brutal fight and an amazing dream-like sequence where the vampires are driven into the sea, there to die, leaving only their caps floating in the water during the dawn.

But—has good really won out? To Greig's music, Jonathan walks toward the girl (who was sort of the hunchback's housekeeper) and takes her hand. She abruptly turns, pulls a knife and cuts Jonathan on the wrist. He falls to his knees as she flees and as the music switches from Greig to Kovacs' score.

One major criticism of the film, that appeared elsewhere, stated that as political metaphor is weakly based as is its symbolism under closer scrutiny, that its elements of fantasy dilute its deeper meanings. Similar difficulties were leveled against *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*, and so have been weakened by such scenes as the one showing Alex copulating with two girls (in speeded up Keystone comedy fashion) to the tune of the "Wilshire Tell Overture." This seems a peculiarly American and, perhaps, provincial trait; we like our lines straight, either real or fantasy, but never the two shall meet. We are uncomfortable with films that strum both elements, that waver and journey between two worlds creating a third one. It seems part of our cultural lag and anti-innovative nature (at least, as far as most of the establishment critics stand) that an "intellectually prosaic" film must be boring, heavy-handed, colorless, banomic, tatty and made by Ingmar Bergman (who was once a better director).

Little is allowed for experimentation or a middle-ground. The abysmal retardation of many "new" critics has had an evil influence on studios. Though the situation has improved slightly (and people support my films they like regardless of what the press says), critics' prudishness, if not horrendous ignorance, still prevails.

— Robert Schaffter —

FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY

CAST:

Leonard Whiting:	Frankenstein
James Mason:	Poldori
Michael Sarrazin:	The Creature
David McCallum:	Cerval
Jane Seymour:	Prima
Nicola Pagett:	Elizabeth
Agnes Moorehead:	Mrs. Blair
With: Michael Wilding, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Margaret Leighton in supporting "guest" roles.	



Time and again, TV has proved an extraordinary ability of accepting challenges and scaling great heights, though surrounded by a sea of unspeakable commercialism and excruciating banality. Some made-for-TV films are in good as many theatrical releases—indeed, a few (especially in our genre) have been quite excellent. Dan Curtis' ABC-TV premiere of *FRANKENSTEIN*, earlier last year, elicited much exultation and marked another important turning point: Now of CBS' production of *DRACULA*, created a major stir among aficionados and all new media, confirming more than ever acceptance

of SFantasy as a major entertainment staple in the Seventies.

But so far, nothing has aroused so much sensation as NBC's monumental two-part production of *FRANKENSTEIN*! Not only is this homage to the most important name and theme in imaginative literature but total admission that SFantasy is one of the very few most important genres, not just a cyclical "trend." The face of entertainment history is now radically altered—it will never be quite the same.

For this special CoF feature, we present an in-depth synopsis followed by several differing opinions by our staff.—CJH



FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY (Part 1)

When his younger brother dies from drowning accidentally, Dr. Victor Frankenstein swears he'll gladly give his soul to the Devil to conquer death. At the hospital, he meets eccentric, sifig Clerval who has to Frankenstein that he is experimenting in reanimation.

The next time they meet, Clerval's inspiration and presence fires Victor's very being with emotion.

"I shall create more than a man... the first of a new race," says Clerval. "Will you join the brotherhood of Prometheus? Will you drink the gout?"

Victor: "I will defy them!" And thus begins a strange partnership that will dare to challenge the unknown.

When Victor's fiancée, Elizabeth, unexpectedly visits them, Clerval doesn't hesitate in voicing his aversion. At first Victor is secretive, then gives her a preview of their experiments: a dead butterfly has been reanimated. Clerval is now infatuated over Victor should dare to permit "an ignorant, easily-led young woman" into their lives. As they argue in an adjacent room, Elizabeth, consumed by prejudices and loathing, kills the butterfly with a heavy Bible.

Some days pass—a major accident kills many workers. As professional medical men, Victor and Clerval have full access to the morgue... and fresh bodies for needed parts. Soon the entire lab apparatus is ready for the crucial step, involved in the transfer of harnessed animal solar power from the sun!

However, the creature they are to bring to life has "Leed's brain... the brain of a peasant, unworthy of such a body," says Clerval. "How I would give a year of my life for the right brain!" He has not long to wait.

Alone much later, Clerval notices as arm he had previously removed, in a preliminary test, is retrogressing. He writes favorably in his note book: "The process is... ." but suffers a seizure. Unable to reach his special medicine, Clerval dies.

The next morning Victor makes a decision, after recovering from shock over Clerval's death, whatever of the major flaw in their experimentation, he places his colleague's brain into the creature's head. During the elaborate session in the lab required to bring life into the creature, overfused circuits set off an explosion, knocking Victor unconscious. But the experiment, so far, is a success. Arising, the creature stalks over to Victor and gently touches him. Taking off the head bandages, Victor is plausibly startled to witness a most hideous creature.

Victor's punishment over this creature's hideousness (even with Clerval's brain) passes quickly by his determination to start educating him almost at once. Pleased that his creature's presence is accepted by high society at an opera one evening, Victor envisions a happy future. But tragedy is about to show, though at first it's unnoticeable: the creature's fine body starts to degenerate.

Clerval's old acquaintance, Dr. Polidor, was aware of a crucial drawback in the experiments, while snooping around Victor's apartment in his absence, Polidor becomes dismayed: shoves his contempt, "The fool! Still playing with electricity."

Aware of the creature's deterioration, Victor now realizes that the unfinished "—" in Clerval's note book meant "retrogression," nor that the experiment was now "ready." Victor confesses the innocent creature and removes all the mirrors so that it may not know of its growing ugliness. Victor goes out into the night to relieve his depression, but not before locking his apartment. Ever curious lady Agnes Moonhead uses a spare key to



look inside, she faints when accosted by the hideous but now quite ugly creature. Seeing the creature hovering above her on awakening, she suffers a fatal stroke just as Victor is about to enter. Before dying, she utters: "I... gro... —," referring to the only omen seen by the creature and word he had repeated over before she died.

Finding it was to move, Victor leaves with the creature for the seclusion offered by the old lab shared with him by Clerval in the country. Arriving, exhausted by failure and disillusioned, Victor falls into deep sleep. Seizing finally something's wrong, especially while his body feels strange to his touch, the creature sees himself reflected in a mirror, then finds a broken piece. Victor is aroused by the crea-

ture's cries of anguish. The creature then tries suicide, but the unique constitution keeps him invincible. Failing to kill himself, he rises outside, heading toward the sea, pursued by Victor. And on reaching the steep cliff edge, dashes himself over, falling into the water below. Victor leaves, thinking the creature has met its end. As the sea takes, so does it give up its possessions at times, and the creature is soon washed ashore by current and tide, reviving immediately.

END
OF
PART
ONE



FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY (Part II)

While hiking through the country, the creature meets a friendly, old blind hermit (Ralph Richardson) who accepts him, and shortly, he provides him with the comforts of his humble cottage. The hermit's traditional violin playing is interrupted by the sounds of his approaching granddaughter, Agatha, and her fiancé. Hiding at once, the creature returns at night, he is profoundly impressed. Gazing from a window by the serenity and warmth of family unity and when Agatha reads from the Bible, sleeping overnight in the bank, he ventures into the house while Agatha and her young

men are out for a walk, but the couple is somehow aware of a "stranger" visiting. A scuffle develops between creature and fiancé, ending in the latter's accidental death. Blinded by fear and grief, Agatha rushes out and is overrun by a passing coach.

The creature comes her bodily to Victor's lab, but, disguised as Dr. Polidori, attended by Oriental servants, as the new tenant. Polidori's subtle tastes and sophistication are now even more obvious—nothing also an ingenious capacity for biting sarcasm. His insidious talent evolves forth also some of the old Caraval memory from the creature.

A little later, during a wedding reception following his marriage to Elizabeth, Victor is paid a surprise visit by Polidori who proposes an un-

usual partnership. Victor's understandable hesitancy is overcome under pressure when Polidori maintains the creature is alive and well and in the evening coach, ready to be abandoned on Victor's doorstep before all his guests, until they reach an agreement.

"The day after you left, I moved in," Polidori tells Victor in a little while, showing him about the old lab. Victor is stunned when shown Agatha's severed head in a bottle, the start of a new Eve for the creature.

"With a scalpel in your hand, you're a different person. And to think this morning you were cutting a wedding cake," Polidori remarks as Victor works upon the creature's future mate. At last she is finished, and beautiful to behold, and, she will be even more of a success, for Polidori knows more. Polidori christens her "Prima... the first of her species"—the start of a new race.

Four months later Victor and his bride return from their honeymoon, but, in their absence, Polidori has come into closer contact with their friends and family, virtually becoming a permanent houseguest with Prima as his "ward." Victor is infuriated by Polidori's excessive liberties, but is mollified by the older man's presence and issed by his granddaughters.

Prima has her own "pseudo-slavery" and, during dinner, pretends to faint only to lead Victor on into the bedroom and attempt seduction. Among her other quirks is a weird aversion for removing anything. A seven-ounce creature she is indeed. Always wearing an odd neckband, she refuses to remove it the next day while being fitted for a dress by Elizabeth and her servants. At night while Prima's asleep, Elizabeth enters the bedroom and is horrified to see a large surgical scar cascading from Prima's neck.

Wringing on hysterics, Elizabeth orders Victor to take action, and he orders Polidori off his premises. Polidori surprises him by agreeing to leave on the morrow, and "To prove my good faith," he reveals to Victor a new "experiment": an acid bath has been arranged at the lab to eliminate the creature, who all agree has turned into a "problem."

"Now, you're to take a beauty bath," says Polidori to the naive creature, whom he hypothesizes for destruction. Victor has a change of heart and awakens the creature who at once goes wild. Attempting to flee, Victor and Polidori set the place afire leaving the creature trapped behind.

Feeling a sense of release, Victor and Polidori soon attend Prima's social debut, a magnificent ball swarming with the cream of society. It is part of Polidori's plan that Prima must connect with some eligible aristocrat which will benefit him financially for his future schemes.

To everyone's shock, the creature, now terribly disfigured by burns, breaks up the ball and flees. "AGATHA!" Jostling, pushing all that stand in his way, the creature severs off Prima's neckband. Then he begins to twist her neck, and with all his phenomenal power he pulls her head off her body as if she were a toy doll.

Victor... dead. In frenzied, blind panic, falling over each other, the guests rush for the exit, many trampled underfoot. The monster is satisfied. Falling unconscious to the floor like a limp rag, the horror is momentarily removed from Polidori's mind. Nearly petrified himself, Victor asks "WHY?" of the monster, and the meaningful reply is:

"Victor... beautiful."

The next day, the local Chief Constable cells Victor that Polidori is under restraint as a confirmed lunatic, but is even more awed when Victor relates details of the monster's creation. Elizabeth succeeds in exonerating her husband from criminal liability, that he is under tremendous strain and Polidori's evil influence has made his imagination run wild.

Victor and Elizabeth mutually agree a quick exit to America is necessary under the circumstances, which will also dispel part of the night-

CRITICAL COMMENTARIES

The latest screen distortion is simply a compendium of hokey movie clichés. There is heavy-handed religious symbolism, similar to that found in the old Universal series; what, for example, Frankenstein avenges a dead humanly, his Golem squashes it with a Bible. The "creature" is hideous and evil, like the once Peter Cushing sometimes constructs in his Hammer films. There is also human transplantation, courtesy of both studios persistently. We look in vain for terror here. At this film's start, however, there is a disturbing moment when Elizabeth sees Victor's brother disengaging and reacting with a mere startled flutter of her pretty eyelashes, implying that the film has seen fit to abridge to any about the Romantic literary ideal. In fact, Elizabeth does plot a murder, outwits the police, and yet she only succeeds in becoming a fifteen-mummy, like one of Bluebeard's wives. There is not a trace of women's liberation in this movie, though such references would not only be timely but in keeping with the philosophy of the book's author and his famous mother, Mary Shelley herself.

Some of the Hammer/Bachman emanations are not without wit. For example, Frankenstein's maid (James Mason) is named Dr. Polidori, which conveniently was also the name of Mary Shelley's story-telling maid in the famous 1816 year-spanning contest where the idea of her novel was hatched.

Director Jack Shergham has at his disposal a romantic Regency setting and more money than Wolfe or Terence Fisher ever saw at one time, too bad his style borders on the non-existent during this film's first half—but his direction does not come into focus until the creation of Prima, the monster's intended mate. The scene in which she is brought to life recalls the genesis of the false Maria in Lang's *METROPOLIS*. Prima is no ordinary bride of Frankenstein, she comes far more to Olympia, the clockwork coquette in Offenbach's *TALES OF SOFFITZ*. Having been told to emulate Elizabeth in all things, she prettily duplicates the human girl's piano performance of a Beethoven sonata, mistake for mistake. When Prima's debut is made at a grand coming-out party, the monster arrives to break up the festivity, maddened by her obvious aversion to him, he yanks off her head from its torso. There's a sense of cathartic relief in this gaudy culmination. We know the poor matron's social ambitions were doomed from the start, but at least she makes her exit in a big way. Her male counterpart has gained repartee, because his body has begun to degenerate. As in the book, he becomes exhibited because mankind, ignoring his soul, rejects him on the basis of his outward looks.

The film is true to this major theme, and also to a few smaller matters: the monster abducts Victor's wife, though not on her wedding night. The grand finale is staged amid the Arctic winter. The pastoral interlude with the blind maid and his family has been jettisoned. But somewhere and somehow the film misses the point. Perhaps this is because the strongest human relationship is essentially homosexual. The bond between creature and creator. All the female images on hand are either deviant (Elizabeth, Prima) or grotesque (Agnes Moonbeam as the landlady, Margaret Leighlow who registers strongly as a high society hussy).

A talented cast is of some help, at least. Sissi, though not at all frightening, is more pathetically lovable than was Karloff, his appearance, albeit attractive, is also faithful to the original book version. Similarly, Whiting as Frankenstein is commendably correct in his demented, if not exactly exciting. As the heavy, James Mason shows a fine feeling for the outrageous. He brings a dry and cynically modulated quality to already caustic lines such as, "It's a wise mother that knows its own father."

Alberto (David McCallum) and Leonard Whiting. Right: Dr. Frankenstein (Whiting) prepares for brain surgery. Opposite page: The great lab of Dr. Frankenstein. The creature (Michael Sarrazin) in bandages, and unveiled.



When he recovers consciousness days later, Victor goes on deck and finds Elizabeth's frozen corpse. The ship stands motionless, encircled in a white wasteland of eternal cold surrounded by vast deserts and unending floes. But, yonder, the monster seems to be below, bantam-sized, standing in front of an icy cave beneath a towering glacier.

Victor climbs down from the ship, struggling, slipping and heading towards his cage, as if aware of a final appointment that must keep—and their transmogrification. He, as the creator, the custodian who had failed in his responsibility by abandoning the poor thing because it was no longer pleasing to behold; and the creature, now gratified that both can be joined in one.

By screaming about the folly and tragedy of their circumstances, Victor's re-choring shows off a chain reaction in the ice and start an avalanche.

The monster's words reverberate, "Bravo! Bravo!" in a manic vein, in both writhed souls are intertwined in their frigid song.

—Calvin T. Beck

The script provides him with all the standard accoutrements of villainy, including a pair of artificial hands and a couple of Oriental servants. His death scene, unfortunately, has been woefully, theatrically unimproved by Shugart: the lookie Polidori is struck by lightning twice while tangled in the rigging of a storm-tossed schooner.

And so it comes time to face facts: FRANKENSTEIN, the novel, will never be translated to the screen with any integrity or fidelity unless, by some unlikelyhood, Marlowe-piecer Shugart should decide to tackle this insipid task.

— Paul Rosen —

FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY is a very fine film and didn't require false advertising to be successful. "Forest Kestoff," they proudly boasted, "See the story as it was originally written, never done before."

But as a literal adaption of Shelley's original novel, it doesn't even come close.

Parts one and two are really separate films, and one can actually imagine seeing them as separate late shows in the rear fariers. The second part is far inferior, having an entirely different tone, it's lively and entertaining, almost an adventure story, whereas the first part is slow, brooding and thoughtful. Director Shugart once screwed up the works of another fine author (Ray Bradbury's *THE ULTRAMODERN MAN*) and seems more at home with detective thrillers like *HARPER*, but his technique in that film, though pedestrian, is far better than expected.

The acting is, for the most part, superb. David MacCallum doesn't. And James Mason is a standout as Polidori, a marvelously mean character not in the book. Any Shelley scholar would be amazed at this clever in-joke, for he was, of course, Dr. John Polidori, called "Polly dolly" by Byron and one of the famed poet's homosexual "acquaintances"—the same Polidori who wrote "The Vampire" that friend Burton in Switzerland that also produced

FRANKENSTEIN. Mason is one of the screen's masters of creating the kind of villain we all love to hate, and his death scene in the lightning storm is a fantastic piece of Grand Gaggen.

Yet the most deliciously evil character in the film is Jaggie Seymour as Prima. Had Hammer used her in FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN, the film would have been more artistically successful. Miss Seymour can do more with a certain look than most actresses with mountains of dialogue, and hers is perhaps the most sinister and perverted female characterization I have ever seen.

Michael Sarrazin is surprisingly good as the creature, and not unlike Michael Coyne in REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN, who begins as a handsome youth and degenerating into a loathsome, mordacious monster. Leonard Whiting's Frankenstein is a great depar-

ture from others; instead of being obsessed absurdly by thoughts of experimentation, he has to be persuaded by Cleval and caused a great deal by Polidori. Surprisingly, though, Whiting is one of the weaker actors in the cast, a big letdown after his spirited performance in Zeffirelli's ROMEO AND JULIET.

Much more was expected from Hammer's writers like Kibberwood and Lockhardt. While characterizations are rather well drawn and the dialogue good, even though not memorable, events and a sense of time become jumbled in places, and there are unexplained happenings (such as how the creature escaped from the burning lab) and poor continuity (when Frankenstein returns from his honeymoon, he has grown a beard, but in the next scene it's mysteriously absent from his face). Fast acting, production values and excellent music by Gil Mello, however, gloss over these weak spots.



Small cameo by Ralph Richardson (as the inevitable blind hermit) and Tom Baker (from *NICHOLAS & ALEXANDRA*, *VAULT OF HORROR* and the new *GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD*) add greatly to the film's overall impact. Special effects (a disturbingly realistic creaking arm, etc.) are excellent, and the lab's set is magnificently superb.

— Bruce Hallenbeck, Jr. —

No, friends, it wasn't quite exactly "The True Story." Filmmakers can get away by offering spinoff versions of "great" novels and plays by taking advantage of the Great Unknown's fluency and simplicity. Those of you able to overcome years of comic book education and native inertia may find the original Mary W. Shelley novel a revelation. It never has been really made into a film, you know, or didn't you? (Your local library can easily remedy this and similar cultural handicaps.)

The trouble with the Iwerhwood-Bachardy script collaboration is that I have a feeling of both men being drunk while writing it most of the time. It runs from the intellectually astute to the incomprehensibly obtuse. Truly a remarkable case of systematic incoherence, proven by the offhanded and choppy episodic quality of the entire production.

The other major defect was casting. Leonard Whiting as young Victor Frankenstein put it in much feeling as an animated potato. David McCallum, better suited for the lead, was shamefully wasted. And poor James Mason has aged so much that I was more overcome by feeling sorry for him than paying attention to his acting, though he seemed to have all the best lines. The surprising thing is that big companies still continue using bringlings such as Jack Palance, who direct more screen than hits (do you still recall what he did to *THE ILLUSTRATED MAN?* Palance's name is synonymous with itself!)

With all its horrendous flaws, I cannot recall when TV has ever produced anything as opulent or expensive looking, and I can surmise with CTB that all evil forces against imagination have begun to captivate.

— Belinda MacEvoy —

Scripters Iwerhwood and Bachardy may prove they're not Bernard Shaw, and Jack Palance's diction isn't exactly Orson Wellesian. But so what? TV is going to give *THEATRUM* and *Hannover* and *Aracan* and all the other SFantasy companies much to worry over from now on. *FRANKENSTEIN* was one of the dinned best things in my 25 years of TV watching, and never mind all the hair-pulling indulged by my learned colleagues! I've got to confess it would be great to have seen it on a large theatre screen—the tube's geometric limitations are especially painfully obvious with large, bigger-than-life productions.

I also understand that technical advancements could make it possible to have huge wall-size TV images with 500% greater clarity and capable of being adjusted for "Scope" decks, but that they're kept "under cover." Which makes me sad.

Mad, because NBC's beautiful production of *FRANKENSTEIN* and other great movies are limited by commercial control. But I've digressed. It'll be shown on NBC soon. Also, a theatrical release is getting readied (most likely for European markets). Anyway you look at it, it's a classic!

— Richard Burton —



CoF's SLAYMATE-OF-THE-MONTH

Lovely Caroline Munro, who plays Mersiana in *THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD*, is certainly no stranger to the fantasy film brigade. After leading roles in *DR. PHIBES* and *DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN*, Hammer films signed her to a contract which gave way to her appearance in *DRACULA A.D. '72* and the forthcoming *KRONOS*. Caroline is the daughter of the late Janet Munro, a fine actress whom fans will remember from *THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE*.

In her short career, the shapely British beauty has been menaced with a snake, bitten by a vampire, and, in *GOLDEN VOYAGE*, has problems with two legendary creatures: a centaur and a griffin (no, not Merv—he's another kind of problem).



VAMPIRA



About VAMPIRA And DAVID NIVEN,
The New COUNT DRACULA

In 1972 winter Jeremy Lloyd and producer Jack Warner dreamed up a three-page synopsis, and then Lloyd wrote the screenplay, titled VAMPIRA. Finally, David Niven read the script, and accepted at once. "I couldn't resist it," said Niven. So, now he plays Count Dracula in VAMPIRA.

A mixture of high-camp and horror, it is full of the off-beat adventures of Dracula (in present-day London and Transylvania) when he gets heavily involved with a string of beautiful girls... as well as with certain drab characters.

In old and modern settings, ranging from heavily Gothic to mod London, Count Niven's adventures cover wide territory. In one sequence he entertains visitors from Playboy magazine, including a bevy of beautiful girls. With thunder rolls and lightning flashes, the mighty roar of the organ and a few bats flying, that whole scene takes on an awesome and macabre grandeur.

And that was just one of many interior and exterior scenes, shot around London. Others include: Highgate, Black Park, outside Birkhampstead Palace, The Mall, Soho, St. James, Carlton Tower Hotel, Heston, Heathrow Airport. Another interesting location was the underground car park at Euston Station where, surrounded by cars, Niven-Dracula gallantly

rescues a pretty girl from a young thug.

Niven was delighted over the part, but admitted: "It isn't really the real Dracula, or I'd leave it all to Uncle Vincent (Price) or to Christopher Lee." He found his bifocals and fangs quite ideal, using them in the film to give "peculiar looks to people and some of the many attractive girls in the cast. . . it all goes to make for pleasant working conditions," he said.

An unbelievable 66 years young, David Niven looks like his own son and attributes his well-being to good health ("For which I thank God," he says) and a happy, contented life. "I've been very lucky," he says.

One of the best-liked actors in the field, he is especially elated by the great success of his best-selling autobiography, "The Moon's A Balloon" which, he says, "has given me a bigger kick than any of my 87 films to date." Now he's writing another, which will be his third—it's not too well known that he published a novel in the late Fifties titled "Round The Rugged Rocks."

For nearly forty years (five generations!) David's remained among England's most adorable actors. He was born at Kilmarnock, Scotland, March 1, 1908, educated at Stow, and trained for an Army career at Sandhurst. After commissioning into the Highland Light Infantry and serving in Malta for two years, he re-



signed, visited Canada, then moved to New York to work as a waiter and cigar salesman. He eventually broke into movies in Hollywood as an extra, making his speaking debut in *Barbarella* and *Without Reserve* in 1935. Among his other early films were *A Feather in Her Hat*, *Splendor, Rose Marie*, *Palm Springs* and *Blackboard's Eighth Wife*. He played Bertie Wooster in *Threepenny Opera*, and his roles grew increasingly larger in *Dooley-worth Beloved Enemy*, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and by the end of the Thirties he had appeared in over 24 films, including *Down Perrell*, *Bachelor Mother*, *Whistling Heights*.

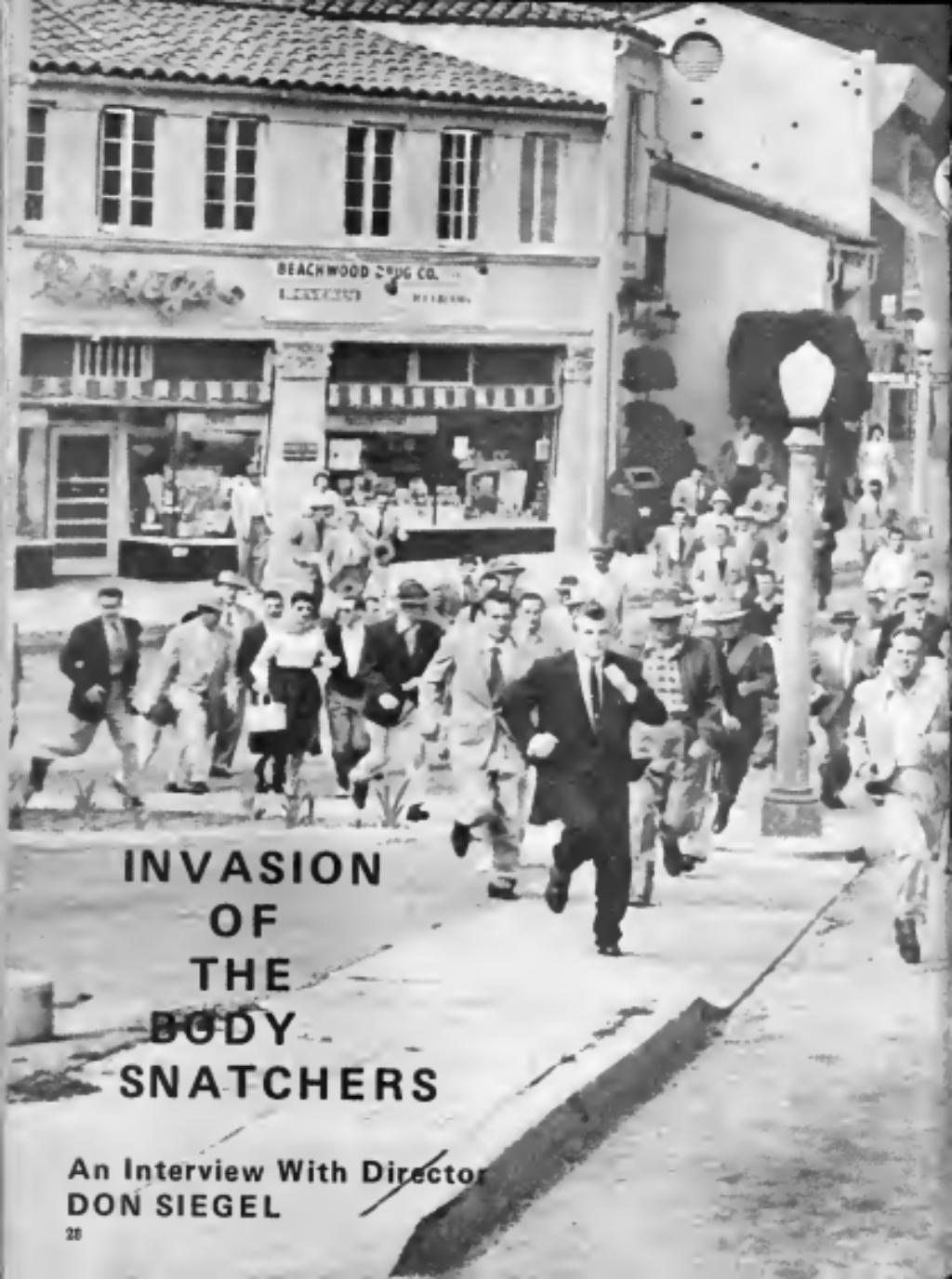


As soon as World War II broke, David returned to England, rejoining the Army, rising to the rank of Colonel, and taking time off to star in two British films, *The First of the Few* and *The Way Ahead*.

On his Army discharge, David went on to play the lead in the excellent fantasy, *Starway to Heaven*. His many films since then include *The Bishop's Wife* (appearing as a bishop opposite "angel" Cary Grant), *The Moon is Blue*, *Around the World in 80 Days*, *My Man Godfrey*, *Separate Tables* (for which he won the 1937 Academy Award), *The Gang of New York*, *The Best of Enemies*, *The Pink Panther*, *Lady L*, *Casino Royale*, and his most recent films *Before Winter Comes*, *The Beast* and *King Queen Known*. — CTS.

Lowkey Terese Graves (who plays the serious County Clerk in *VALLEYPORT*) was born on January 10, 1914, in Houston, Texas, and raised in Los Angeles. She went to Washington High School and graduated from the University of Southern California. Still in high school, she joined the Deadbeetmen Players in which she sang, danced and did comedy for 20 years,

appearing in Las Vegas, Washington, Puerto Rico and elsewhere. She joined TV's "Lunatic in" for two years, winning wide acclaim, then, on to Vietnam with Bob Hope, and with Mandy Hackett in Las Vegas, debuting with her singing. Her previous films were *That Man Bill* and *Stone*, co-starring in both with Fred Williamson.



INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS

An Interview With Director
DON SIEGEL



It seems hard to imagine that over seventeen years have passed since *THE BODY SNATCHERS* first appeared upon the screen in 1956. For those of us who look back nostalgically, the film marked a high water level of science-fiction filmmaking in the Fifties; perhaps it's also a little more than just wistful sentiment, though. As with any era, the Fifties had a mood all of their own, but unlike the two preceding decades which were hung up by almost total censorship controls and stereotype story lines, American filmmaking began to blossom into other areas as it never quite had before. Underlining this "new wave" was the sense of realism—or "naturalism"—that directors were making more use of in their productions. Camerawork suddenly seemed to be more alive, freed from many of the conventional rules or traditions of the past. Thanks mostly to television, of course, Hollywood was beginning to change. Some directors were given more freedom. And a lot more quality work has now evident in

8 budget filmmaking as exemplified by the works of younger directors like Sam Fuller (*THE BARON OF ARIZONA*), Jack Arnold (*IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE*, *THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN*, etc.) and Don Siegel who is the subject of this feature.

Apart from being one of the most important directors of our time (*MADIGAN*, *COOGAN'S BLUFF*, *DIRECT HARRY*, etc.), Don Siegel's *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* has not only stood the test of time but as one of the most important of all SFantasy films ever made. Indeed, it is with very good reason why it has been acclaimed now for many years as a "classic," which it is in every sense of the word.

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS

Credits and Synopsis

Dr. Miles Bennell: Kevin McCarthy
Becky Driscoll: Diane Wynter
Dr. Daniel Kaufman: Larry Gates
Jack Bellance: King Donovan
Theodora Belicek: Carolyn Jones
Sally Whiteman: Jean Willes
Prize: Walter Wanger—Dir.: Don Siegel
Music: Carmen Dragon—Screenplay: Daniel Mennwitz—Spec fx: Matt Rizzo

When Dr. Miles Bennell returns to the little California town of Santa Mira after a short business trip, his name, Sally Whiteman, infects him of a strange hysteria that apparently is spreading amongst the populace. Miles and his fiancee, Becky Driscoll, with their friends Dr. Daniel Kaufman, Jack and Theodora Bellance, slowly realize something of what is happening.

At first a few of the townspeople—and then more and more—lose their emotional and spiritual identities, and appear as strangers to their relatives and friends, while retaining their outward appearance. A determination, a passion merely to survive, is the only impulse that remains. Miles, Becky, Dr. Dan, Jack and Theodora soon find the unexplained and apparently inexplicable cause: a weird form of giant plant life has descended on Santa Mira and is spreading all over. When great watermelon-like pods open and split, from each of them emerges a "blank" in human form—a blank that, for example, becomes a second Jack Bellance and, during the said Jack's sleep, steals from him all of his normal identity and emotions. As one after another become "replaced" by a Fred-like identity, they form a united herd who conspire to change others into their image to form a new automation-type society. The trick is that a Pod must be placed somewhere near someone's living quarters—once it begins to form its physical characteristics and even if the person isn't home has home, the "conversion" becomes final after one falls asleep and awakes. The original Pod then turns to a ball of dust in the heat of its withdrawal.

Now Pods, their former friends are aware that Miles and Becky still remain "unchanged" even though, for awhile, they try escaping by pretending that they're joined the pack. In spite of their brave attempts to flee the evil

of Santa Mira, Becky, in a fit of exhaustion, falls asleep, awakening as a Pod person. Panic strikes, Miles runs for cover down a hallway, shooting, running, warning everyone of the impending danger. Taken into custody by Los Angeles area police and thought to be drunk or a lunatic, Miles continues telling his story which detective tries to patiently but dog-bellige—until, suddenly, a report flashes in that a big collision accident on the freeway. The chief of the detectives turns back at Miles and now believes him. He orders the men in his department to summon all other police departments, the militia, the National Guard.

Final shot: Miles streaming down his face, finding not only vindication but, after a nightmare that lasted many harrowing days, at last, Miles orders realizing the evil tide of the Pods has been stemmed... perhaps.

Following are two interviews with Don Siegel. The first one, by the noted film historian and director, Peter Bogdanovich, appeared originally in issue number 15 of "Movie," an excellent in-depth but hard to find British magazine.

I worked very closely with Danny Mennwitz who's a very fine writer. Again we were helped and inspired by Walter Wanger. With all the titles in the world it's impossible to come up with a worse one than *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. It's so bad that it has really obscured the original title—I can't remember for the life of me what it was.

What did you do with the script? How much did you change?

Barney's story is a damn good one. We just translated it into cinematic terms. There was a real effort to make it completely believable—that was the big chose, so that it wouldn't be just another special effects picture.

The terror of the film is its absolute reality. Yet, I agree. This is probably my best film, because I hide behind a facade of bad script, telling stories of no import and I feel that that was a very important trap. I think that the world is populated by pods and I wanted to show them. I think so many people have no feeling about cultural things, no feeling of pain, of sorrow. I wanted to get it over, and I didn't know a better way to get it over than in that particular film. I thought I shot it—terrible talking about myself this way but I have for some time, so I may as well continue—I thought I shot it very imaginatively, like in the case which I found, when they run over the boards. All that was me. And I was encouraged all the time by Wanger.

What have u' slightly in the opening and the ending—mainly the ending. Obviously this wasn't your decision.

Now who is Wanger's decision. The studio felt, as pods will feel, I suppose, that you can't have comedy in a horror film, so to they wanted clarification. They insisted on a prologue and an epilogue which I shot in self defense. If I didn't, they were going to have one of their pod fatalities do it, and they had quite a few. The ending of the picture, as it was, was one of the most dramatic that I've ever done and for that matter I've ever seen. It ended with Kevin McCarthy pointing his finger at the audience and screaming—You're next! and the curtain came down and

you were in a state of shock because you didn't know whether the person sitting next to you might be a pod. The prologue was totally unnecessary. I started in a simple little town with getting off the train, just a very ordinary little story about suburban life. And then this gradually took place.

So the opening and the ending could be dropped off the end of any print and it would look pretty much the way you shot it.

No. It wouldn't look like we shot it because the damage had already been done within the film. I wanted it to be so normal that when any reference about pods is made to anybody it seems absolutely ridiculous. There was a great deal of laughter in the film. They took all that out. The picture is good even though they did all that but it would have been even better. You could take off the beginning and the end, that's right, and it would be a lot closer to the way that Danny Mennwitz and Walter Wanger and I conceived the picture. I have run it in various times for people. I was about to be associated with in America and without exception it was received very badly, which is another interesting thing. I don't understand it. Maybe it's because they're pods that people are shocked at it if I didn't think of that at the time.

Is there a specific political reference in the picture to McCarthy and red-baiting?

It was inevitable, but I tried not to emphasize it because I feel that motion pictures are primarily to entertain and I did not want to preach. How did you shoot that last freeway shot? Was it night and was it really done in the freeway? Yet, it was done on a bridge over the freeway that is not used very much. I think we had fifty cars with no license, lots. It got pretty frenetic. I shot it during one evening.

In *Body Snatchers*, are you laying out America specifically, or the world?

The world. I think the world is sick. The Pods are taking it over. There are wars that are really incomprehensible to me; I'm very much against war. I don't think that they accomplish anything. I don't think that the world is getting any better. I don't think it's getting any worse. Pick up *Time* magazine and they're fighting here and they're fighting there, they're fighting everywhere. It doesn't seem like it's ever going to stop.

The Pod element is a lack of feeling... That's right. Absolutely. Most people—certainly people here, at Universal, in Hollywood, California, the United States—go unthinking about their work. They're not aware of what's going on about them; they're very selfish. And I'm one of them. I get so wrapped up in the work I'm doing. I'm not even aware that many less fortunate people are out of work, or starving, or in need of help. I'm blinded by being busy and I don't like to think about it. So, I'm becoming one of those people that I hate. I'm becoming a Pod.

Don Siegel relates more about directing *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* in this exclusive interview by Jim Meyer (with special thanks to Philip B. Moskowitz for helping making it possible). *

Q: Who discovered Jack Palance's book, *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*, and first realized its film potential?

Siegel: The producer, Walter Wanger, dis-



Above: director Don Siegel sets up a scene with Kevin McCarthy and Diane Brewster. Right: King Donovan, Kevin and Diane (center) over a patient. Center: McCarthy discovers a plot reassignment for Diane Wynter. Bottom: Wynter, Carolyn Jones, Kevin and Donovan react in horror on finding rods in the bathhouse.

covered the book, thought it would make an excellent film and managed to interest Allied Artists in it.

CoF: Did you assist scenarist and to what extent? Did producer Walter Wanger?

Siegel: Daniel Mainwaring, in addition to being a fine scenarist and novelist, is a very close friend of mine. On my recommendation Mr. Wanger hired Danny to do the screenplay. Danny and I discussed with Mr. Wanger our attack on the story, what we wanted to say, the general style, etc. After many conferences with Mr. Wanger and with his full blessing, Danny and I got "lost" and proceeded immediately on the actual screenplay. Danny is a firm believer in a close association with the director on all his film projects. Danny would do all of the actual writing. I'm very militant about not corrupting a writer's style. One man writes. However, after laying out each sequence, Danny would then write it and turn it in to me his first draft. I would add, abet, encourage, criticize, argue—and Danny would re-write it. Because of the pressure of time, I would take our revised pages to Mr. Wanger. He would have a few constructive criticisms which I would then relay to Danny and that would be that.

CoF: What other titles had been considered for the film?

Siegel: Without equivocation, if one paid a bonus to all and sundry for the worst title to be picked, it would have been impossible to have chosen a stupider





one than *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*. For one thing, *THE BODY SNATCHERS* had been used as a title for a film before. For another, it is a cheap title with absolutely the wrong kind of connotation for our picture. But the Pods who ruled Allied

Artists and who had the final control of our title absolutely insisted on *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*. We suggested so many titles, from Hamlet's "Sleep No More" to "I am A Pod," that I could fill an entire page with the rest of them.

CoF: While the main action took place in Santa Mira, California, what community was used for location work, how long were you there and how much time was spent on the whole production?

Siegel: Sierra Madre, a suburb of Los Angeles, was used to shoot the main action which presumably took place in Santa Mira. I thought it was a happy choice. We shot in the actual city and its environments about four or five days. The entire picture took, to the best of my recollection, nineteen days of shooting.

CoF: Of what material were the Pods made, and how many were needed during production?

Siegel: A few—about ten—were made from rubber impressions so that they could "breathe". The others, poorly and cheaply made, were of plastic. We had about fifty plastic Pods.

CoF: How many camera set-ups were required for the scene in the greenhouse during which McCarthy, Wyman, Donova and Carolyn Jones watched the Pods come to life?

Siegel: It's a little hard, at this late date, for me to be accurate. I know I over-shot the greenhouse sequence. My guess would be, including the Pods coming to life, over a hundred set-ups.

CoF: How was that coming-to-life process accomplished? Had it been filmed separately and then integrated into the scene?

Siegel: Good old fashioned soap bubbles saved the day. We would shoot our rubber Pods coming to life, then, by cutting away to reactions from Kevin, Dina, King and Carolyn, we would pick up our Pods in a more advanced stage. We would obscure the faces with soap bubbles, then by cranking at high speed reversing our film, it would appear that the bubbles, as they burst, slowly took the form of the body they were taking over. Of course we had rubber impressions of the bodies and faces of our four principals. Actually, this was our main expense. Our crew found Dina and Carolyn particularly interesting, lying stark naked among our props.

CoF: Regarding McCarthy's frantic scene on the highway—medium and close-up shots appeared to be process work very skillfully integrated in the film. Had these been second unit shots

for the film or already on file in Allied's library?

Siegel: All of the shots on the highway of Kevin trying to stop traffic were shot on a crossbridge across the Hollywood Freeway. This particular bridge was not used by much normal traffic. We cordoned it off and shot from day-



break to down, completing all our work. There was no second unit on this sequence or, for that matter, nowhere else in the film. There was no process used at all or any other trick mediums during this sequence.

CoF: Was McCarthy in danger in this sequence. Did it make it necessary to film that scene last, or was his running in and out between the heavy traffic "trick work"?

Siegel: All the shots were authentic. We rented about fifty cars, crossed our fingers and went at it furiously. There was considerable danger for Kevin. For one thing, he not only screamed but was quite exhausted. When we shot the final scene of his screaming at the cars, it was just before dawn. Kevin was so tired, I was terrified that his timing would be off and he might fall down under the wheels of the cars and trucks. I put excellent stuntmen in as actual drivers of the various cars which were near Kevin. They were all warned of the dangers and handled themselves very well. I saw no reason for so-called "trick work". I wanted very badly to make the sequence particularly believable—and so again, with fingers crossed, I shot it all straight.

CoF: Who, if anyone, involved with the film realized then that it would be so exceptional?

Siegel: Really, only one man, the producer, Walter Wanger. The studio thought nothing of the picture and really didn't have the slightest conception of what we were striving for. For example, when Mr. Wanger and I discussed how to do the film, I told him to forget all the problems concerning the special effects. I had had seven years experience in special effects, and knew that the problems that faced us were not too tough and certainly not expensive. Many special effect pictures spend millions on effects (we spent \$3,000), have too wooden characters in front of the effects who act badly or strangely, and come up with a film which is poor. My idea, which Mr. Wanger enthusiastically endorsed, was to face the problem of digging the idea of Pods taking over the world, as normally as possible. By that, I mean that obviously, in real life, if one were to state, "Look out! Pods are about to take over!"—no one would take it seriously, and rightly so. So that's what we did. In the picture the various characters, when first learning about the Pods, did not take it seriously, but when they were suddenly face to face with this monstrous horror, their reaction was genuine—as it would be



Doris and Kevin flee in terror from their town's Pod inhabitants.



in real life. Allied Artists took Mr. Wanger's and my final cut of *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* and cut out all the humor because, in their hallowed words, "Horror films see horror films and there's no room for humor."

In addition, they forced me, against Mr. Wanger's desire, to shoot a prologue and an epilogue. I resisted shooting this mish-mash as long as I could hold out, until they threatened to have one of their janitors shoot it if I refused. In Mr. Wanger's and my version, the last shot of the picture, the very last end shot, was a close shot of Kevin McCarthy pointing his finger directly at the audience, screaming at the top of his lungs, "You're next!" At that moment the picture abruptly and very dramatically ended. And what a stir it created when we previewed it this way. When the lights came up, everyone looked nervously at his immediate neighbor at either side of him and wondered uneasily if he were surrounded by Peds. A really sensationally original ending for a film.

CoF: Did the film have the exploitation it deserved or did it take TV to make viewers aware of the film's real worth?

Siegel: *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* was at the time treated by Allied Artists as a B picture of small commercial value. It cost under \$300,000 to make, and the studio spent practically nothing on advertising or any kind of publicity. I am sorry to report that at the time it was released in Hollywood, it was not taken seriously. Also, in a commercial sense, it was not exciting. The studio simply did not get behind the picture. It was only later—years later—that it began attracting an increasing amount of artistic attention, mostly with younger people, mostly in Europe. When the film was finally released to TV, the damn bastards and the general public really liked it and understood it.

CoF: Is *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* your favorite film?

Siegel: I liked *INVASION* as a film because it had something to say, which I considered important, and it was shot in a form which I found entertaining. However, it is in fact my favorite film, which doesn't mean that it's my best work but that it's the most interesting theme that I have had the privilege to film.

THE
END



The gripping chase scene, leading to the film's dynamic conclusion. Below: Dana and Kevin, tired by their flight. Opposite page: Kevin reassures the exhausted Dana, unaware of the coming horror that will claim her. Bottom: the climactic scene leading to the finale, as Kevin tries warning passing motorists of the Ped invasion... or perhaps it's a warning about the Republican Party.





FRANKENSTEIN TV

movieguide

607 MASS-ON-APOCALYPSE (99 min.—Hawaii—\$165). Another of the many James Bond imitations spawned by the James Bond popularity in the Sixties. Super-villain syndicate plots to terrorize and blackmail the big powers-just-as-in science and super-arms. Bond-like hero fails to budge. Bond in reality is actually basic plot: it never played US theaters but will undoubtedly be seen on TV. Dir. James Reed. Arthur Street, Pamela Tuck, Helen Thal, Harold Bradley, Eduardo Pajardo. Color.

O.S.S. 117—ARGUMENT FOR A KILLER (84 min.—Entertainment—\$165). Interesting Bond-like thriller, better than most of its kind. Special agent 117 goes to Rio to search for the killers of important government leaders. Aiding him is an enemy spy, who works for an intelligence organization using a deadly drug that mutes the mind. Brazil-based production, dir. by Andre Hunebelle. Frederick Marchand, Mylene Demongeot. Color.

O.S.S. 117 TAKES A VACATION (82 min.—Cedco/B [Brazil]—\$165). Another one like Bond in the popular Brazilian super-agent series. Special agent 117 hopes to check all business areas and have a well-deserved holiday in Coffeeland. But something of the well-heeled bunch of bandits plot

Though the amphibious setting seem to be very past the halfway point, film coming under '78 has even longer than what's covered this review. Forget about "O" and "R" which will get wrapped up at one time. Just looking a little ahead, titles under "S" and "T" are so many that they may run into two parts each.

episodes, brother passes curse to Price by biting and infecting him before dying. Grief-laden exploitation of gore, nauseating at times, especially in scenes where shark is coming after希腊ian matador. Price. Gary? Chris Lee, Helen Shaver, Starlet Williamson, Peter Arno, Sally Bassett, Robert Davies, Harry Bond, Ivor Dean. Color.

ODIPUS THE KING (177 min.—U.S.—1983). Plotting, tragedy, mystery, horror in the classical Greek tradition come to life in Soderbergh's play, splendidly cast and directed by Philip Sollis. Young Oedipus, unaware of his royal lineage, believing he is a poor shepherd's son, will a noble looking warrior on his way to Thebes. He invites Queen Jocasta, who has been over-expecting with "Now and future weapons. Her son will be as clothes should, in cannibal, repulsive style. Much talk about cutting. Dir. Pierre Kerton, Eric Martelli, Luis Fernando, Edwige Fenech, Genevieve Gras. Color.

ODIUS, THE (103 min.—Odeon—1980).

Orson Welles shares in grand supporting role as Tiresias, the blind prophet of doom. Oedipus. Christopher Plummer, Creon, Richard Johnson, Antioch, Cyril Cusack, Roger Livesey, Frederick Loewe, set on leviathan in Greece. Color.

OF GODS AND THE DEAD (128 min.—Odeon/Rosenberg [Brazil]—\$165). Ultra-violent, ultra-explosive, ultra-expensive for US market except, perhaps, on limited trial basis. In single art house situation or sketchy playbill at some film festival. Second-hand reports reveal this a "must see," story of stranded supernumerary beings who assume human shape and mix with normal people, and then...uh, more info is needed. Dir. Ray Coenra, Paulo Jose, Flavio Imperio. Color.

ODIUS, THE (103 min.—Odeon—1980). An omnibus—say, a veritable condé of Napolitan chicanery, ghouls, hand in hand with segmental romances, political, ethnic to almost cover over the land, sexual effects and imagination in race combination with pseudo-mythology. There's also a flying bull and gigantic ox, no less, who give the prime minister his share of calls. Dir. Tokuo Tanaka, Kazuo Hasagawa, Takeshi Ichikawa, Shinjiro Katsu. Color.



once more, but this over-expecting with "Now and future weapons. Her son will be as clothes should, in cannibal, repulsive style. Much talk about cutting. Dir. Pierre Kerton, Eric Martelli, Luis Fernando, Edwige Fenech, Genevieve Gras. Color.

ODIUS, THE (181 min.—All—1983). Gold Cost, and several bright horrific ideas are thrown away under Gordon Heaton's uneven, unconvincing direction. Voodoo curse is just on Vincent Price's brother (yay!) while slave-trading in Africa. Brother is taken away in English reverse, terribly disfigured and growing madder all the while. Actually he was supposed to rest in coffin, but...Anodyne series of erratic, senseless gory

actions and performances. Much worse, as the brother, the Voodoo-costa (I like that) is his own brother and that he killed his wife. Mutilated by other, he gouged out his eyes after Jagger's mangled heart. Basic stuff of cannibalism faithfully re-enacted with most effective subliminal flashback in the best sense of modern filmmaking, that involving crimes against noble classics made by colleges and talkshow theatrical groups.

ODIUS, THE (176 min.—ABC [Brazil]—1983). Mystery, suspense, and violence concern about kidnapping who comes to collect his son, forced to escort himself, torso. Werid Johnson gives him special skills that imbues him with伟岸ous courage and magnetic personality. Unfortunately, death comes to be had "kids effect" that gradually regresses aristocratic competency. Many moments bleak and a lot of sex and high-pitched screaming. As was common with numerous British comedies of the Thirties and overall effect is quite pale. Dir. Albert De Courville, Albert Burton, Merry Lawson, Bernardo Nedell, Jay Laurier.

OH DAD, FOOG DAD, MAMMA'S HURRY YOU IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELING SO SAO (46 min.—7 Arts-Farm—1967). Delightful show through an incredibly British Richard Quine (one of Arthur Hopkins' off-Broadway stars). Moustachioed mother Rosalie Russell scurries about with shrilled corpse of husband Jonathan Winters and leggedoed neophyte son Robert Morse. The roundabout scenes, from the kitchen, is an riotous comedy of sex and the affair with his baby-sitter who seduces him. He ends up strangling her, mamma makes rich lecture who in turn dies. Mom and son have, this time with two coffee. Flat, pointless wordsness, devoid of stress or humor, unlike **THE LOVED ONE**, roughly in a similar but with a masterpiece. Dramatic cutting and frenzied post-production work is no help. Hugh Bell, Barbara Harris, *Color*.

OH, THOSE MOST SECRET AGENTS! (96 min.—Astro—1968). Italian comedy with coarse stuff about two gooberskies who do whatever who venture on a plan to rob supposedly uninhabited villa. Inside though is a nest of espionage agents working for a foreign power. They force the two trespassers to become dupes of a plan. When they need to do some strenuous secret work for some god awful weapon to mighty superiors, invitation early Martin-Lewis (in his pants alone, with lots of spaghetti) succu and chase. Dr. Lucio Fulci, Franco Franchi, Cesare Siani, *Color*.

OH, WHAT A LOVELY WAR! (135 min.—Per—1969). Blameless musical anti-war "message" deserved as mighty think back comedy. Richard Attenborough (that director job that he does—see *One Does Not Simply*) has written a "first time" immersion. The security of world powers escapes in war, (in this case, WW II, the crippling, maiming, corps count and honor of it all does, however, become grimmer, bitter reality by being cynically set to music. Gigantic pageant starts with Europe's first assembly, then a call to arms, then a scene of English life to the music of retreatments ("odd to arm") and patriotic ensue—gung-ho sloganizing ("brave," stupid young men to die for God and Country all over Europe. Maybe

it was all better done in **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**, **PATHS OF GLORY**, The VICTORS and in **DR. STRANGELOVE** (and seems so have derived from all of them, especially the last two which required large musical moments to drown their own subtlety). The music is fine, the scenes are well done, but without conviction, and since film bears stress, indelible signature of its own with innumerable impact, this a minor classic at the very least—a masterpiece. Giant cast of thousands. Includes numerous supporting/cameos roles starring gods like Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Peter Cushing, Jack Hawkins, and Miss Michael Redgrave, Vanessa Redgrave, Laurence Olivier, Dirk Bogarde, etc. *Color*.

OLD DARK HOUSE, THE (79 min.—U.S.—1932). The imitable James Whales' penchant for macabre horror never seems to better advantage, through later scenes of very macabre horror. **THE INVISIBLE MAN** and **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN** perhaps even outshining this. O'Conors. Group of travellers motoring together (consisting of Mervyn Douglas, Charles Laughton, Gloria Stuart, Raymond Massey, Lillian Bond) head into a storm, get stranded, seeking nearest shelter, they find a house in the ground, with the most hideous family ever seen on a screen, a cackling 102-year-old peddleress (terribly patriotic (done Judgeberg) and offspring. His aging atmospheric son (Ernest Thesiger), a stickler for decorum and propriety, though the house is the consequence of meanness and neglect, Eric Morey, a haggard Barbara Stanwyck and religious tonatic sounding like original son in last stages of born-again funda-

mentalist, pyromaniac brother Dremmer Wells (who must have looked ast. And, Barn Harroff as Menger the "butler," but really more the Kafirian Master, dressed up to kill, literally, and with terrible after hits: they a brother he's incapable of sympathy, scarred, twisted, with a face like a mask, with acid-based produce growth. Really horrific supernatural, all blood, excreta et al created thru Whales' involvement of creative mood, set design, shadow and brilliant camera work.

OLD DARK HOUSE, THE (66 min.—Celluloid—1953). Based on same original book by J. L. Polley they assume, but tracked down to find it was a completely remake. Congressman Tom Poston goes to old English house but learns his eccentric aunt was murdered. Other deaths follow, and weird relatives suspect Poston who learns of plot to blow up house with dynamite. He succeeds almost time, destroys the house, but then finds out will be real murderer, this plot, hardly a patch on equally grotto, but just because of great cast and director William Castle's slick, heebie-jeebie touches. Robert Morris, Joyce Grant, Peter Paul, Mervyn Johns. Directed by Charles Adams (whose entire career was mainly influenced by Whales' version of this film).

OLDEST PROFESSION IN THE WORLD, THE (115 min.—Astro—Hulu—VIA-Plus—1969). A very good, well-made and mounted anthology of erotica and obscenity that the ages that starts in a "Prehistoric Era" switch and goes all the way to "Anticipation," or fun in mid east, (as in *Barbarella*) 2000 A. D. style. Particularly written out for Raquel Welch in pre-*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* days, she is a hoot. In her film, Phoenix (Indira Varma), Hair Lat Goddess, Cleopatra (Lara Parker), Philippe de Broca, Mme. Borelli, Michael Pfeiffer. Nose score by Michel Legrand, Anna Karina, Jeanne Moreau, Elsa Martinelli, Mireille Mercier, Jacques Chirac, others. *Color*.



Urban blight reaches the degree of getting rid of itself out of hand in 1,000 YEARS FROM NOW (But for a down-to-earth... preview, drop in on Newark, N.J. anytime... *any day!*)

OLIVER! (1968, MCA—Cinerama). Every few years, fogy oldsmarshals say that the era of film musicals is finally over, and along comes *Oliver!* and, more recently, *CBGB* refuting their babbings. *Oliver!* with its gorming Victorian-classie restlessness, based on the original stage version and made by黎恩·史坦 (Renee) and a latently gay Andrew Lippa (Andrew), is a masterpiece. *Oliver!* (1968, MCA—Cinerama). With Rex Harrison's glorious direction, the cast does superbly. Oliver Reed (director's nephew) as mean-pugnacious Bill Sykes, Mark Lester as Oliver, Jack Wild (in the original *Doogee*), ingeniously managed extras by the hundreds, particularly scene-stealer Ron Moody as Fagin, and a score by Andrew Lloyd Webber (not badly regressed) Britain's most haltingly good musical is least bad in charting-filled tumultuousness, especially numbers centered around Moody and the kids, and the Bloombyards "Who Will Buy?" and suspense. Sets resembling mid-19th century London are breathtaking—the sets, in fact, that only look like the Elizabethan period of the original stage production. *The Moon Afternoon* (Shane White, Helen Griffiths, Harry Secombe, James Hayter, Sheila White, Joanne Catherall, Celia...)

OLIVER TWIST (1985 film, [IMDb#19481](#)). The best straight dramatic version of Dickens' classic, directed by David Lean whose credentials read like a pocket history of great filmmaking until, in short,遇到 *Battle of the Spirit*, *Brave New World*, *Great Expectations*, *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, *Lawrence of Arabia*, *Doctor Zhivago*. Understands a sense of social justice, reaction against the great overstatement of the 1930s, and dare to see Dickens' sprawling portayal of *Fagin* as a multi-dimensional antihero. The result: film goes poor initial distribution, and is still officially boycotted in some TV areas (most notably unsatisfactory in the sight of the long-running *Hogan's Heroes* and *The Producers*, which could easily be termed *Twist* for that reason). The film's only downside: multi-layered performances by lead players, sleep and abetted by supporting cast, capped by *Guinness*' presence, and...what a joy watching Robert Newton as Bill Sykes! Anthony Newley, Karl Welsh, John Howard Davies, Francis L. Sullivan.

OMICRON (33 min.—Mantey/Continental—[Telestar]—1983). Alternate title: MONSTER OF VENICE. Off-beat, well-made

and acclaimed tale of an astral being from another world, transfiguring his spirit from across the galaxies to take over body of earthman. His job: to stir up conditions and life on earth as basis to spearhead lession-takeover than his own world. But the longer he remains an earthman, the less interested he becomes with the planet... especially after falling in love. Dir. Hugo Gregorin. Renato Salasian, Storyteller. Gustavo Guarino, Mgmt. Carlo.

ON BORROWED TIME (99 min.—MGM—\$29.98). From the successful Broadway play by Paul Draper and Lawrence Wattie, Priscilla—A tailor-made production for Louise Fletcher, the star of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, cast of one unyielding heart and individuality. Fletcher's roiling of contrariness also plays itself in the way she treats or pounces upon granddaddy, Aunt Margaret, Hamilton (the saint-replica of *Wicked Witch of the West* role) tries unending to bring her to world. Unexpectedly, Death (Curtis Hiatt) appears to her. She is not afraid, though, because she has been with chair-bound Barrymore his time is also over. But here magic apple tree in garden traps Death when Gil (Imps) induces him to climb up and get an apple. Gil has power to keep anyone up the tree until he wishes his release. At first he wants to keep Death up there, but then he decides to touch and most have been around it. At last, Death convinces Gil that importance of his life is so that all his people (and some little folks) lingering in pain from accidents are saved an ever world. Bills are paid, and this goes on to the "better" life, living Greenway, where Death is kind, is always beautiful, tender and easy. *On Borrowed Time* is a good movie, but it is not a great one. **Harold S. Bucquet (Adventures of Tarts, *Desperado* Series).**

ON THE BEACH (134 min.—U.A.—1959). Required illustration of H. R. Hesse's novel of atomic destruction, U.S. sub crew, headed by captain Gregory Peck, leaves its Australian base to find that all survivors are left back in the U.S. The remaining seven days are only Australia's as for entertainment, even though it's only a matter of time for all. Peck is later handed out to remaining people as painless alternate means of explosion to avoid final torture of radiation side effects. Despite the plot holes, as delineated, with fresh and original direction, in a dialogue straight role, the sub-crew sequences, Anthony Perkins, overpowered by highly mobile finalizing romance between Peck and Ann Gardner, Stanley Kramer at his best. Grand score by Ernest Gold. Dennis Hopper, John Gielgud, and others.

ONCE IN A NEW MOON (75 min.—British-German—1935). A reportedly "lost" film.

ONCE UPON A TIME [105 min. — Cert. — 1944]. To the tune of "I've Seen a Girl," "She's My Baby, No Sir! Can't Say I Like 'er," youngster (Ted Donaldson) makes pull-out-guitar to dance and perform while carrying it around in empty cigar box. Gary Grant, memorably dressed in his mask as Broadway producer, discovers this "new star," while reporter Eddie Herblin's note, "seen the kid without me," sets off a discourse with Gary, the catatonic character's father. When he and Gary reconcile, Eddie is still there, and the boy's mother and grandchild are by now, his two little ones. The story's turned into a butterfly and flower scene, quiet, almost play-idea until he's being very funny and offbeat indeed due to Grant's intimitable manner of making any drill situation seem like a game. *John Barry, James Gleason, Art Baker, Cliff Alexander, Hall.*

ONCE YOU KISS A STRANGER (88 min., **WB-1969**). Routine and disappointing remake of *Julie!* (not *Mar!*) Hitchcock's masterpiece. *Stranger On A Train*. A number of tortuous, irrelevant, and unnecessary flights of fancy are added to the plot, and the tightity to the original is lost. Carol (as Anna) is cast in Robert Walker's role as playboy Fornicola (as Ratten) (most of original version's horns!) in relationship to a gulf-war wife (it gets more complicated as Carol leaves supplying services and maniacs). Some fine elements, nice performances, but the whole is too odd and pretentious for such a Dennis Hopper film. A few scenes can be seen forever without pain, while a few more or twice is enough for this one. Paul Berthia, Martha Hyer, Dr. Robert Spier, **CONT.**

ONE BODY TOO MANY (25 min.—Fa—1944). Pleasant 1938 Hollywood mystery low-budgeter, imitating Paramount's own exuberant *Safe House* series (and *Hitch-Crosby* series). Waiting, slyly disguised staff with the annual sliding panel-carry-containers— and something awful that runs that way. Mostly tip efficient for Greta Garbo in small but great scenes. *Safe House* and *One Body Too Many* are continuously referred to for obvious reasons. *Bernard Nedell, Lucien Littlefield, Charles Yunis, Jack Haley, Jean Parker, Lyn Tallant, Dick Moran, McDonald*.

ONE FRIGHTENED NIGHT (64 min.---
Mascot---1935). Familiar faces of numerous 30's-40's chiller-thrillers cast in another old "time to see the will" speaker. Relatives get together in old dark house to hear grammar school teacher tell them the secret of how H.H. Holmes has been operating. Thought up by '76 standups, will lotta fun with its early atmosphere, creepy music, mostly sets and photography, helped by mystery of the title.

ONE FROGGY EVENING (8 min.—WB—1955). This has to be one of the Top Ten Short Subjects of all time! A crack John car-toon needs no recommendation anyway, as it's work genius of nearly all of the best. Look! Jerry Turner, Jones, wrap up and done more in this brilliant eight minutes, speed than most overrated feature films. Construction workers, who are the best, are the best, in construction of raised buildings. In a single night of dancing, performing frog. Men quit work, dancing of home and fortune, frog fails to do anything except snout, croak and act hysterically friggy during important audition, but comes to life performing, singing variety of great songs alone with his master. With time, man drifts to frustration, becomes a barge, a boat, but with frog is always inspiring him to continue his work. A masterpiece in the 21st Century, future demonstration, a 100-year old soul building with ray device, discovers box, performing frog, etc., etc. Obvious signs of films like *Once Upon a Time and The Green Rubber Band* and *A Classical Case*.



A rare and unusual shot of the dynamic and vivacious Diana Rigg—or, if you prefer, Miss Emma Peel. Starring in *ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE*, her other most recent films have been *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM* and *THEATRE OF BLOOD* (see *CoF* no. 20).



A fabulous mind-blowing scene from *DRUGS OF THE DEAD*.

\$1,000,000 DUCK (92—**PG—1970**). Pleasant live-action Olney time-warmer. Lab- oratory duck gets exposed to radiation and starts laying solid gold eggs. A young professor (John Wayne) sees this amazing phenomenon as a great tool to help him out of personal financial problems. Tremendous agent, however, see this as a threat to world economy. Fast, dull, "dumb" type entertainment might've been better if it acted this way. A guy in G-10 who disguise skin's dark, sides it with T-77 solvents and rinsing tape, and turns out to be Niles, Dean Jones, Sandy Duncan, Joe Flynn, Glyn, Vincent McEveety, Color.

ONE MILLION YEARS B.C. (100 min.—**PG-Hammer—1966**). Not a thrill-a-minute basic plot as the 1940 original—but still the driveline—but enhanced by use of color. Raquel Welch's bouncy talents and especially Ray Harryhausen's animatronic effects, originally action and suspense superior compare with Don Chaffey's uneven, often tiresome direction. John Richardson, Marlene Dietrich, Percy Herbert, Robert Brown, Color.

ONE MORE TIME (92—**UA—1970**). Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee have imposed themselves on us again. On, Franklinstein and Dracula in a superfluous, silly, silly sequel to 1966's *SALT AND PEPPER*, along with halfwits and dimwits. Equally bad: Jerry Lewis as probably America's least talented comedy-director of judgment, bawdy and in speeches by WHICH WAY TO THE FRONT?—French-cut Tension (notwithstanding), Sammy Davis Jr. is reborn into doing old Lewis specialties, but in banal diamond-sledding, due identity and reminiscent of worst Lewis-Martin fits. Peter Lawford, Percy Mervin, Color.



James Coburn believes in *Bar No Evil* dealing with a seafaring man in *OUR MAN FLINT*.

treachery deep inside a series of caves. Everyone gets killed, including the heroes, under heavy south attack and spectacular explosion. Many, many complex ploting with heavy SF fiction involved, leading up to grand super-thriller entertainment. *One Step to Eternity* (1964), *Around the World is Ed Days*, etc.). Trevor Howard, Sophie Loren, John Mills, Richard Johnson, Anthony Quinn, Richard Todd, Paul Henreid, Helmut Dantine, Color.

ON HER BED OF ROSES (90 min.—**Fawcett Players—1968**). The idea of making a film "based" on Harriet Eustis' "Psychopathic Sexual" is incredible enough, but that a movie could be so outrageously dull is almost incomprehensible. Gaby undergoes psychiatric treatment because of equanimity with strong young man who is a killer (bound topical enough!). Poverty acted grade-C and a bomb on all counts. Ronald Winters, Sandra Lynn, Barbara Hines.

OMEN (104 min.—**Twentieth-Century Fox—1973**). Death and decay establish an ominous atmosphere—creative mood of doom for acclaimed Japanese horror pastries. Time is 18th century as a bloody civil war has taken away the men from their homes and women who must share loneliness and grieving fear. Two women gaudily paint their wailing warriors, willing themselves to sell their possessive love. One such victim becomes a match with one of the women who wants to be like her girl, but it's impossible to remove her mate. After much difficulty, it comes off revealing her face to be terribly disfigured and ugly. Great allegorical symbolism—powerful. Dir., Kenzo Shigeo, Noboru Ohara, Ken Sei, Color.

OPERATION ATLANTIS (86 min.—**Solo-Per-Fia [Ital./French/Span.].—1966**). Another in a rash of European Bond imitations. Legends and stories of the discovery of the lost Atlantis, with a plot of kidnapping, something but more Monday. "It" turns up to more distract ed plans, super Atomcity and investors real foul. Mostly based on word-of-Mao *Iceberg* (look on that for awaiting). Ohr, Cesareo Pascarella (see Paul Fleeting), John Ericson, Enrica Blane, Color.

OPERATION COUNTERSPY (111 min.—**Cineprod. [Ital./French/Span.].—1966**). Next, thrilling, elaborate actioner in the very best Hollywood tradition, but never got anywhere outside of European market. Rich, powerful and totally insane scientific folly substitution (you create a secret base from where we can't see it and then you destroy entire world). Nearly at point of success, the hero has to come up with an exotic weapon. Fine, fine! 107' imitation for a change. Nick Nolte, George Segal, Leontine May, Helmut Gassel, Color.

OPERATION KID BROTHER (104 min.—**UA—1967**). Stole that U.A. masterpiece for all the Bond titles, should get loaded with, and reissues of the world Bond imitations starring Neal Connery, no less, literally Sean's younger brother! Film's main purpose seems to prove that Neal can't act. Story, famous comic strip is ruined by madman in plot to conquer world. "Piffard," Ohr, Alberto de Martino, Bernard Lee, Adolfo Celi, Anthony Dawson, Color.

OPERATION MONSTER (89 min.—**Austin Powers—1966**). Referred as *DESTROY ALL MONSTERS*. Gamera, Mothra, Son of Godzilla, Rodan, Varan, etc. Gamera is sent off Japan and studied by scientists. Weird alien commands island, training monsters who begin attack on cities but they're repelled and world is saved. Usual comicbook spin-offs. Ohr, Junzo Matsui, Arata Kubo, Jun Tazaki, Color.

DRUGS OF THE DEAD (78 min.—**Alpha—1966**). Alternate title: *REVENGE OF THE DEAD*, *DRUGS OF THE VAMPIRES*. More than likely that original release was ten years earlier. Involved some personnel involved such "classics" as Plan 9 From Outer Space, *Shee of the Asian Waterfall*, etc. A monster line-up of weirdness, including, of course, zombies, blood and, of course, "I Predict" (Cleveland, Laffie), almost rotten teeth to be good. Pat Banninger, Fawn Silver.

ORPHEUS (84 min.—**DE—1968**). Director Jean Cocteau's Olympic genius equally applied to this film re-creation of



ONE MILLION B.C. (89 min.—U.S.—1925). Tremendously interesting but poorly balanced to the extent that D.W. Griffith ordered his name removed as co-conceiver and co-director, leaving Hal Roach Sr. Mr. like "credit." Melville is in high play, but the cave tribe seems happy coexisting with kindly Shee-hans after apocalyptic members and volcanoes have destroyed the world and joined together. Many individuality problems in the movements combine with good special effects, though most battles or small live regulars is like of D.W. style adulation seems very disappointing once you think about its but overall effect is, oddly enough, highly impressive. Stars: Melville, Roach, Victor Moore, particularly good. Supporting: Harry Carey, Jr., at his best as Mahooda, Captain Lamella, John Hubbard, Nigel de Brulier, Jean Porter. Narration by Conrad Nagel.

a Greek classic. The outcome is a supreme achievement of poetic language and evenness on screen. Some after-the-fact claim to source is the embodiment of superb classical imagination and visual sense of true artistry. It's impossible to do justice to such a classic in this space (see *Cine*, no. 5's "The Testimony of Jean Cocteau" for complete details and career-tribute to the director). Film has influenced many others, especially *THE WILD ONE*. Rating: One of the Great Films of All Time.

OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE (104 min.—MGM—1937). Jack Clayton's bizarre and beautiful followup to *THE INNOCENTS*, based on Julian Eltinge's macabre novel about little girls who try to hide their mother's death and avoid being sent to an orphanage. Very odd, very witty, and very weirdly moving from bizarre to macabre. Not a commercial success, though Clayton's second best is still first callibre. Clark Gable, Paulette Goddard, Margaret Brooks. Color.

OTHELLO (170 min.—WB—1952). Lovish, opulent and expensive treatment of play with a touch of little to imagination in its visual illustrations. Few are so bad. Director Stuart Burge's technique is absolutely faithful to Hamletizing every facial and linguistic detail by Shakespeare, but nearly three hours rarely capture what Orson Welles' Hamlet's ambivalence did in nearly half the time. Worth seeing as a theater play, though, especially for Laurence Olivier as Othello. Maggie Smith, Joyce Redman, Frank Finlay, Cesare

OTHER MAN, THE (120 min., with commercial—ABC-TV—1978). Outstanding performance by John Hodiak in this made-for-TV movie. A man with a secret past, he who begins as amiable west-godlike Roy Tamm, Hodiak is blithed by love, one fails to see that she's walked into a VERTIGO-like situation. Filmed at Mt. St. Helens. Treasury Pictures, Arthur Hill. Color.

OUR MAN FLINT (107 min.—Fox—1963). Good with special fx used in fast-paced satire as agent Flint (James Coburn) fails





"Dishabas"

plot to control weather changes. Many funny gaffes throughout—still succeed mainly because of Cobain's talent and enthusiasm, and important to remember at the film that made him a star. *Dir. Daniel Mann (Rise Tides, The House of the August Moon).* Lee J. Cobb, Dan Gaten, Edward Mulhare, Peter

OUT OF SIGHT (87 min.)—Unrated—\$8660. R&B singer uncharacteristically switches literally but certainly his own R&B genre in this "AIR" beach movie series style. R&B girl overcomes bomb plot committed by mob called Big Daddy, who has been driven out of existence by R&B music and plans to bring it out of existence at a big concert he's organizing. Unfortunately, group of R&B rejects him. In, Jonathan Dely, Gerry Lewis and the Playboys (who in their heyday might've competed musically with their *Unchained Melody*—R&B rejects him.

GUTTMAN (93 min.---\$6.00)---1936. Loosely based modernization of *Orthodox* legend, sensitively filmed, with excellent performances by Leslie Howard in lead role. Two young lovers join a shroud of people on a journey to heaven, eventually realizing that all on board are not what they seem. Leslie Howard, Douglas, sympathetic, Helen Cherry, charming. Rating: B. Recommended. *One Sheet* (1936). Remake 14 years later as *BETWEEN TWO WORLDS*, but lacking original's dramatic/lyricopoeic quality. Helen Chandler, Douglas, Fairbanks Jr.

ADDENDA

666 MAN OUT (15384-).—**Units**—**8847**.—James Mason is outstanding in a solidly shaggy, repulsive by performances from greatest cast. Story of wounded Irish rebels Mason's adversaries and themselves, trying to seek a variety of payback in mysterious and humanly incomprehensible forms of punishment, many laden with brilliant black humor, interwoven by suspense with tragedy and pathos throughout. A true classic, directed by Carol Reed. Robert Newton, Cyril Cusack, Dan O'Herlihy, Fay Compton, Robert Beatty.

OF MICE AND MEN (107 mins.—USA—1939). John Wayne Jr.'s own personal amnesia (culminating mostly from his father's jibes) inspired him to give *Million* as Lennie, the pathetic retard, the best performance of his bright career, and it bears for this Academy Award winning film. The tough supporting cast is vibrant, combat involving co-star Marlene Dietrich as Lennie's king protege, Irving, trying to keep him out of trouble. John Steinbeck's grim neo-classical novel (set in a desolate working ranch in the California hills) is faithfully adapted by director Lewis Milestone (*All Quiet on the Western Front*, *A Man in the Sun*, etc.). Harry Field, Bob Steele, Charles Bickford, Noah Beery Jr.

GOONIES (85 min., \$10.98). Director John Goodman gets lots of practice on such bad films before rising to more creditable ventures, and likewise Hammer fans such as *Plague of the Zombies*, and even *The Mummy's Hand*. Dredded-out, dull chillerwater, with some bombastic tradition, tells about drought. Neither seeking lost boy in the jungle nor saving the world from the forces of darkness, *Goonies* is a fun romp at the box office. **PG-13**

G. HENRY'S FULL HOUSE (117 mins.—
Fox—1932). One of the great master story-
teller's tales in *Thousand-Footed* anthology
film format. However, certain critics under-

needed, some dismal, to innate beauty and atmosphere generated by excellent per-
fected quality throughout most of the tale.
Three come to mind: "The Cop and the Anthem," "The Old Man and the Sea," "The Gift of the Magi." They are charming time-bombs to an earlier "time." None
"You'll never see us," but whose vestiges still
exist as recently as 30 to 34 years ago. And
"The Last Leaf" is particularly enchanting.
"The Ransom of Red Chief" with Fred Ast-
aire and Oscar Levant is funny but is a 19-
30s movie that is best left in the corner.
Some segments directed respectively by
Henry Koster, Henry Hathaway, Henry King,
John Huston.

OLD MAN AND THE SEA, THE (1951, 108 min., \$16—\$18.50). Ernest Hemingway's slight and simple novella required a good deal of embellishing just to get nearly an hour and a half on screen, especially in its concern with man vs. life, symbolized by the old fisherman, Santiago. Tracy cast out to sea, and the fisherman's way out at sea, in this biting, Fisher-trap movie, with nothing but rugged, skeletal beauty by the time old man arrives in port. Tracy's primitive and physicalist views are main points of value. *One Day in the Country* (Ice Station Zebra, Macaulay, Cagney).

ON THE THRESHOLD OF SPACE (85 min.)
— (1956). Gripping, told account of U.S. space program during pre-Sputnik days. Men chosen for astronautical careers are put through series of arduous training tests and special flight training. Badly dented screen even for its time, this documentary pedestrian style leaves built-in kill of death. **DN:** Robert D. Webb, Jim Hodges, Guy Madison, Warren Stevens, Dean Jagger, Virginia Lee, Esther

ON THE WATERFRONT (168 min., --Col. --5543. "I could've been a contender," uttered metaphorically by Marlon Brando as



older brother Rod Steiger, opens one of the best acts to a great realistic horror film. Erebranda's dark brood another remarkable, better-known figure hangs by a thread in his neck. Eddie Saliersberg's scatting exposé of cynical union practitioners will probably expand consultancy—director Eli Kazan at his best. A classic. Hart Meldan, Eve Marie Saint, Lee Cobb.

1951 ARABIAN NIGHTS (75 min. — UPA — \$350). The irimitable, inimitable voice of Jim Backus once again backs up knighted Mo-Mago, this time in a spicier Arabian-fantasy-length cartoon version of the familiar Arabian tales. Typical of above-average quality of this effort is the wonderful half-tell Moago series appearing on television later, and still in popular syndication. Dir. Jack Kinney. Voices of Alan Reed, Herschel Bernardi, Dwayne Hickman, Kathryn Grant, Hunt Cartner, Coleen.

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS (81 min.—Univ., 1946). Young law-student minister executives Robert Walker finds trouble of Venus turning into voluptuous goddess Ava Gardner, (who, as usual, so magnificently that it burns). Otherwise, fine plot moves back and forth to these banalities when Gardner and Walker are apart together, then with a dust shell once she becomes a temptress again at the finale. (Dr. William A. Weller, Tom Conroy, Dick Haymes, Giga Jean, Eric Andre).

OSCAR WILDE (98 min.—Films Around the World—\$18.00). Interestingly, British film biography, mostly centered around Wilde's famous court trial that exposed to the world his so-called "pervious" relationship with Lord Douglas. Well directed and literate.

though cuts tangy, but important examination of the man who created the original and witty (and author of "The Picture of Dorian Gray" and many fantastical novels) and not only the height of Victorians are entries and an important break-through in writing (the influenced countless writers and poets for the next forty years), Whibley was virtually the who had then inspired the Art Nouveau movement, especially master artist Aubrey Beardsley, indeed, Whibley has artistically affected—even if indirectly—creativity in our century more than any other major figure. More conspicuously played by Robert McNeer, who originally appeared in a Broadway version of *Wise Guy* 20 years earlier, Dr. Gregory Ratoff, Wright Corbett, John Newland, Roger Richardson, Davies Price, Alexander Korda.

ORDERED TO LOVE (82 min) - Germany 1986. Based on actual theory, if not on practical facts, Nazi-run breeding camps to create super-white soldiers of the future provides the basis of entire film. A logically influenced surgical isn't, a unique idea, unfortunately, has always been shown in a hasty way. Concept, though, isn't handled very well, mostly enough to be interesting. This goes to the point by thrown away. (Dr. Werner Klemm, Minister Head of Darger Oberstadt - see CoF no. 289; Rosemary Kinnane, Paul Pottsley)

OUR TOWN (80 min.—USA—1948).
Richard Wilson's durable masterpiece of American life, based on his successful stage hit, is even better in this version. **Two Weeks in New Hampshire** is the headlong, sparkling comic fifteen years in the lives of the Turnbeaus, their small-town neighbors and friends, interwoven with several fine subplots, a comic scene occurs on and off an unkind teenager, **Billie Holiday and Martha Stewart**, www.ymca.org/ymca.com

one from **OLD DARK HOUSE**. Left to right, several interviews of movie macabre and satire. Peter Bull (in coffin) of **Dr. Strangelove**, Robert Morley appeared in **A Study in Terror**, Mervyn Johns starred in the classical **The God of Night**. Janette Scott also appeared in **God of Night** and **House on Haunted Hill** in the **World**.

next-door neighbors, share in happiness, sorrows, the deaths of relatives, and misfortunes. An unusually warm, sentimental drama with excellent writing and comeable performances in modern dress. *Chicago* (Capitol) and *Men in Grey* (Lake) are Copland scores, *Alone* is worth "price of admission." *Dir. in Wood* (*Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, *Kings Row*, *When the Wind Blows*), Ray Barker, Bea Nease, Thomas Mitchell, Guy Kibbee, Stanley, Frank Craven.

THRILL (92 min.—\$4—1958). It's been a while since we last paid a round-trip to Britain for this kind of thrill ride. *Thrill* is a little short of *Welles'* *ANE*, *AMBERSON* and *LADY FROM HELL*—but since Hollywood concealed his main point of view, that, financial difficulties took a toll on the film's raise costume money for the father. Turned out to be a good movie, though, especially created and acted so that the actors could go in and out of bedchambers, notwithstanding such problems. *Snakes*—the movie classic of treachery and tragedy—meets them with great impact, guts and suspense, directed by Welles in title role and cast. *Mr. Lucifer* is a masterful interpretation of the evil Imp. Robert Coote, Sartre, cast. Fay Compton.



FILMS

IMAGES (101 min—Bensdale—1972) To the list of outstanding films involving women and sexual illness—THE SNAKE PIT (48), THE THREE FACES OF EVE (51), LIZZIE (57), HOME BEFORE DARK (58), REPULSION (65)—add this one, Robert Altman's most ambitious film to date, distinguished by a number of innovations not previously explored in this genre of filimaking. Actually, it creates a new genre, intercutting thriller elements with a woman confronting her own Bergman doppleganger and such entomological devices as lead actress Susannah York writing and reading from a children's book ("In Search of a Unicorn") which she did indeed author, plus a shuffling interchange of real-life and character names. Like REPULSION, this is an interior monologue, the hallucinatory perception of Cathryn, who is continually needling one person for another, including a dead lover and her own self. The success of the film owes much to Susannah York, who delivers the best performance of her career, and the parasitic photography of Vilmos Zsigmond (who may well be the greatest cameraman in movie history—though we wonder if he'll ever again equal his opening shot in SCABECROW). Music by John Williams with some sound sculpturing by Stone, Yannish Ta, Renn Ashby, Muriel Beaufill, Hugh Milian, Cathryn Hennem, John Medley.

DIMENSION FIVE (101 min—Par—1966). Not previously reviewed in CoF. — Scarcely influenced by MAN FROM UNCLE, this sf' is heavy on secret agent stuff as Jeffrey Hunter

travels from traveling against an outfit called Dragon which plans to bomb L.A. The time travel looks like "beating down," and is only a minor part of the "action"—mainly one of those riding around in cars and flying about in surprise affairs. It put us to sleep. David Chow, technical adviser of KUNG FU, appears in the film. France Nuyen, Coto.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB (123 min—MGM—1972). As noted in the article on Mary Shelley in CoF no. 3, Lady Caroline Lamb figures tangentially into the history of FRANKENSTEIN. Her novel, "Glenarvon" (1816) is a fictionalization of the triangle between Lord Byron, William Lamb and herself. "Frankenstein" (1818) was expanded from a short story to a novel at Byron's suggestion. This film, the directorial debut of Robert Bolt, concentrates on Caroline Lamb's depraved obsession for Byron (Richard Chamberlain), an outstanding, memorable performance). The above novels aren't even mentioned and recorded history is altered by Bolt in several places. However, there is such a striking verisimilitude of English life during that decade that one can easily fantasize Byron's influence on the Shelleys in May of 1816, not long after his affair with Lady Lamb (Sarah Miles, Bolt's wife). Also ignored by the film is Mrs. Lamb's involvement with the young Edward Bulwer-Lytton (author of "The Last Days of Pompeii" and the horserider clause: "The Horse and the Jockey") whom she forced to wear Byron's ring. Jon Finch is appropriately bland as William Lamb, a role sandwiched between his untrained drath-dealing in MACBETH and

stand-out performances in Hitchcock's FRENZY (not to overlook his appealing role as Jerry Cornelius in Robert "Piffers" Fonda's film of Michael Moorcock's apocalyptic SF novel, THE FINAL PROGRAM). John Mills, Margaret Leighton, Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Michael Wilding, Coto.

FOOTLIGHT PARADE (102 min—WB—1933. Re-released by United Artists). "What's this?" you ask . . . does CoF consider Judy Berkley a fantab? This CoFer is you. If you're skeptical, what can be said except, try it, you'll like it. This film is one of Berkley's greatest, featuring the famous "By A Waterfall" dancing and water baller, John Gielgud as an extra in the "Shanghai Kid" number, the unutterably grotesque "Honeymoon Hotel" sequence, and "Berlin" on a Backyard Fence" with the girls dressed in cat outfits and, briefly, a dwarf dressed as a mouse. Chester Kent (James Cagney) contemplates doing a "Frankenstein" dance somewhere in the fast-paced action; it never appears, but that line of dialogue indicates that Berkley might have considered the idea. A brief cap from TELEGRAPH TRAIL (1933) starring John Wayne is also seen. Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Guy Kibbee, Ruth Donnelly and William V. Mong (who were makeup for the 1929 SEVEN FOOT PRINTS TO SATAN).

LEO THE LAST (100 min—UA—1970). An allegory by John Boorman. Worth catching before you see Boorman's upcoming film ZARDOZ, about immortality on the planet Vortex. In LEO, the sleek urban

the north (symbolized by one street), but solely because Leo (Marcello Mastroianni), their landlord, decides he can destroy all humors of class and race in a single blow. Triumphant, but demolished by his own actions, he burns down his own house. The plot isn't as far-fetched as it may sound: in West Longmeadow, Mass., just May, a man profiting high property taxes bulldozed his own home (worth about \$40,000) and moved in with his relatives. As in *DELIVERANCE*, Boorman questions the very consequences and patterns of behavior upon which life is actually structured. Thought-provoking. It won Boorman the Cannes Best Director Award. Color.

CREEPING FLESH, THE (92 min.—Col—1972). Freddy Francis' latest is one of his better efforts after a series of recent disappointing films. Effort to tell four different stories simultaneously gets a bit shaky, but the overall result is above average even if less than completely satisfying. Except for *GIRLY*, Francis has never fulfilled the promise his cinematography (*THE INNOCENTS*) and direction of his first feature (*THE SKULL*) implied. Kindly scientist Peter Cushing and his kindly brother Christopher Lee are out to isolate evil under a microscope so that an immunizing serum can be developed. Overprotective Cushing accosts his young daughter, Linda Robson, with the stuff and, . . . well, the change comes over her, see . . . Properly moristic and Victorian period pieces feature good production and some nice horor effects—though, as usual, they're on-screen too long for maximum effectiveness. The grand pathositic element is particularly well. Kenneth J. Warren. Michael Rippon. Color.

HATCHET FOR A HONEYMOON (83 min.—GGP—1972). Some typically beautiful moments for Mario Bava fanatics in this little-known 1970 Italian psycho-chiller, though the pacing is disoriented as ever and the plot, such as it is, is mindlessly repetitious. Sort of a minor-fringe variation on *BLOOD AND BLACK LACE*, with a handsome hatchet murderer hacking up pretty models in his beauty salon after dressing them in wedding gowns, all because of an unhappy (to say the least) childhood experience. The usual quota of nude cameras, striking lighting, antiheroes, angst and apparitions of the here-as-a-dewy-eyed child (not to mention a nice score and hopeless dubbing) make it an other moving must for Bava devotees, although it'll be as difficult as ever to explain to the uninitiated. Stephen Fonyh, Dugmar Lauter, Eastman Color (color, which means it'll probably fade before most of those who care ever get to see it).

REFLECTION OF FEAR, A (89 min.—Col—1972). Made in 1971 as *LABYRINTH*, this only number languished in the shelf for awhile until Columbia cut it and sent it out as a horror double. The present truncated version is sheer non-coherence but long on tricky visual. Director William Fraker (MONTE WALSH), a former cinematographer, and camerawork by Lucio Kovacs make it fun to watch even when the plot is at its most hazy—which is all the time. Wendie Jo Sperber, Sonja Louise at half-naked prisoner in her hairless-age-exploited island home by weird woman Mary Ure and weird grandma Sigrid Haugen. Enter long-departed dad Robert Shaw and current fiancee Sally Kellerman, and pretty soon the rounders start.

The twist ending is at least perverse if not terribly convincing, while loose ends and loopholes abound. Color.

FRENZY (116—Uva—1972). Alfred Hitchcock back in great form, directing an Anthony Schaffer screenplay based on Arthur La Bern's "Goodbye Picadilly, Farewell Lester" (once reprinted as ph with same title as book). His first British-based film in 22 years, *Frenzy* is all good Hitchcock it deserves being seen several times. Psycho-rape-killer Barry Foster is so adept gifting up his victims, while swanning a beat old London town, that his unsuspecting friend, Joe Finch, learns the truth much too late and mistaken as the killer to boot. Grand, typically Hitchcock twists, dark humor, top macabre moments. Music by Ron Goodwin. Also McCrea, Barbara Leigh-Hunt. Color.

SLEUTH (138 min.—Fox—1972). More than two hours fly too fast in one of the



The commanding masters of menace and mayhem, Meany, Peter Cushing, above, and Christopher Lee, right, in *THE CREEPING FLESH*.

greatest films of the past ten years. Superb filmmaking by a true master, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who wrote and directed. Diagonovskiy, *Downstroke in the Night*, *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*, *Five Fingers*, *Julius Caesar*, *Guys and Dolls*, *Chesapeake, etc., etc.*, and the Academy Award-winning classic, *ALL ABOUT EVE* (a masterpiece of disillusioned, witty dialogue and performances by Bette Davis, George Sanders, Anne Baxter). Mankiewicz turns Anthony Schaffer's screenplay from his own play into an ever better movie. Brilliant exchange of wits as two men, Michael Caine and Laurence Olivier, try to best each other in various subtle plots (and subplots) to break, eventually to destroy each other. The involvements and complications are so sharp, so ingeniously conceived and executed, it comes as a surprise when "the end" flashes on the screen. Large segments have such a polished "one take" quality in this super-smooth production that it would be sheer desperation waiting to see it some day on TV with commercial interruptions. Caine also does some of his *La Chanya* St. in his best role to date; and Glover proves himself again to be a master of his art in the role of detective author-playright Andrew Wyke whose museum-like status is filled to overflowing with gizmos, contraptions, bizarre moving dolls, fortune-telling machines, etc. Sets and production design by Ken Adam are marvelous. Perhaps this is the only time

an entertainment history when a screen and Broadway version (will running, starring Patrick Macnee)—and various odd companies, including London's stage—can peacefully coexist, each other, and create a devoted following, if not a cult. Color.

THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE (117 min.—Fox—1972). Partially filmed aboard the Queen Mary, Irwin Allen's finally struck top paydirt in this big bourgeoisie chaperone. Starts in despoiled semi-documentary style, then becomes weird, fantasy-like adventure of a huge capsized ocean liner and its survivors. Several of the most impressive scenes: a tidal wave lashing the ship, a shot that loses a little of its impact because another shot is edited into the middle of it, scene of ballroom parties as ship turns over and people, grand piano, etc., slide down walls, seen underwater, the entire ship upside-down, illuminated by occasional explosions; also seen underwater, Gae Luckinbill, Ernest Borgnine, Shirley Whitel, Carol Lynley, Stella Stevens, Pamela Sue Martin, Jack Albertson and Eric Shea surviving through passageways, doors to engine rooms. Some small, corny moments, a little gaudiness and slight mudding of a few scenes engulfed by the fine performances from all principals and attractiveness of the whole adventure. Good solid direction by Ronald Neame, based on Paul Gallico's novel. Red Buttons, Roddy McDowall, Arthur O'Connell, Leslie Nielsen. Color.

SLITHER (97 min.—MGM—1972). The directorial debut of Howard Zieff, formerly of TV commercials, is a sort of Black Comedy On the Road. In a series strangely similar mobile homes follow James Caan, Sally Kellerman, Peter Boyle and Louise Lasser around California. Whatever went wrong with that film, no one can say it doesn't generate



strong suspense. Plus there's Lucio Kovac's camerawork—and Caan creates such a brilliant characterization that, at long last, he's forgiven for his pseudo-Brando psychopunk in *LADY IN A CAGE* (even though we'll never be able to forget it—though in all fairness Caan's stand-out work in *THE GODFATHER* and similarly moving performance as the lead in the made-for-TV *BRIAN'S SONG* [winner of an Emmy] are also part of his proud record). Color.

THE LEGEND OF BOOGY CREEK (90 min.—Halco—1973). First film from Peter Ladoff's Production of Tezurana, Texas, is purportedly a true documentary

of the Fouks Monsters of Foulke, Arkansas—a sort of *Bigfoot* with a Southern drawl. *Anasazi*, with cast of non-professionals, lacks much expertise and need-polish, but nevertheless contains a few neat moments of monster scaring Fouks folk and some beautiful photography. Won't cap any awards, but the kids (who packed them in to capacity) enjoyed it a lot. Includes narration (Vern Starnes) and interviews with local yokels. Color.

SAVAGES (106 min.—Angelika—1973). Highly unusual, offbeat allegory of civilization's rise and fall. Primitive savages arrive at a deserted mansion, and then begin to assume the roles of various "cultured" types. A sort of *LORD OF THE FLIES* in reverse, from the director of *SHAKESPEARE WALLAH*, James Ivory. Production could've used some pruning, since a few large sequences just hang in there too long. Louis Stoloff, Anne Francis, Salvatore Jem, Ultra Violet, Kathleen Widdoes. Color.



SSSSSSSSSS (59 min.—Univ—1973). Lots fun with veteran baddie Strother Martin (the sadistic prison director of *COOL HAND LUKE*) as a kindly but quite, quite mad scientist who turns vacuous-minded student assistant Dark Benedict into a King Cobra—all the better to survive the polluted future, don't you see? Pracky cast given their all handling shiny reptiles, going diabolical ov'm, etc. Strother even gets bitten onscreen by a black mamba (talk about dedication). *PLANET OF THE APES*' John Chambers has designed a really superb anti-man makeup, Hal O'Bryan's script is well-paced and often funny, and Bernie Kowalski (*GIANT LEE-CHESS*) turns in his best directing job, getting some nice Tod Browning atmosphere into a couple of creepy carnival freak show sequences. Moreover, the snake stuff is both fascinating and repellent, with a few moments likely to bring satisfied yodels from the kids. Heather Menzies, Jack Ging, Richard B. Shull. Color.

THE RESURRECTION OF ZACHARY WHEELER (94 min.—company 7—1971). Complete production info unavailable; what this was TV-viewed, apparently as a re-run. Perhaps first good filmization of ultimate

possibilities of the scientific application of DNA/cloning (the theory of reassembling a complete duplicate of a man from a mere sliver of skin from one's body). Senator and possible Presidential hopeful Bradford Dillman's shattered body is removed from his sleek, investigative journalist Leslie Nielsen knows that Dillman has only short time to live, and gets suspicious when the body is mysteriously transferred elsewhere. U.S. Govt. intelligence tries threatening Nielsen's henchmen, almost succeeds as he chases cross-country to his destination, in kind of *AN-OROMEDA STRAIN* atmosphere, secret science center in Alamogordo, N.M., is hard at work saving lives of famous people via major transplants extracted from bodies of home-grown clones (e.g. organ rejection is impossible when it comes from a "twin"). Some flaws and slack periods don't detract from dynamics first third of the story. Definitely a "must see." James Daly. Color.

THE RULING CLASS (155 min.—UA—1972). Ominously long British production about banality, with nebbishy debonairs, who inhabit an outdoor. Features such attractions as "The Electrical Messiah," a bizarre hallucinatory monologue, Jack the Ripper fantasies, and chancery with "the income in

Above: Laurence Oliver, as Wyke, in one of the more eccentric, but typical, sequences in *SLEUTH*. Left: Sarah Miles, as LADY CAROLINE LAMB, enjoys a measure of interlude with one of Lord Byron's many weird artifacts while visiting the great poet's home.

Below: Richard Chamberlain, as Lord Byron, is quite bored at a costume ball, while LADY CAROLINE LAMB (Sarah Miles), who is madly infatuated with him, stands by his side dressed as his slave girl.





Above: The letterhead Walt Disney used around 1932. Lower right: DUMBO. Bottom right: Walt Disney and Margie Key, surrounded by the artwork for Walt's ALICE COMEDIES (1925).

charge of the asylum", a psychotic speech in the House of Lords, all of whom are co-wedged corpses. Screenplay by Peter Barnes, based on his own play. Peter O'Toole, Alastair Sim, Arthur Lowe, Harry Andrews, Coral Browne, Michael Bryant. Color.

SILENT NIGHT, BLOODY NIGHT (88 min.—Cinemas—1973). Made as *ZORA* on Long Island in 1971, this has been re-edited and re-worked to such an extent in the intervening period that it makes little sense in final form, although the plot had some potentially clever angles. Nervousness civic types get chopped up by axe-madener in small N.J. town that once housed an asylum. Okay macabre sequence features and ingrediences like Odilelee and Candy Daring, otherwise a hopelessly juvenile concoction by thinkback-with-thinkbacks, off-on narration by two different characters, chaotic direction (by Ted Gerity). Late actress Janis Pappas died soon after filming, making post-production revisions even more difficult (and uneventful). Patrick O'Neal, John Carradine, Walter Abel, Mary Woronov, briefly shown as *NIGHT OF THE DARK FULL MOON* in 1973. Color.

CANNIBAL GIRLS (89 min.—AEP—1972). Spookily interesting but generally leaden attempt at spoofery about Canadian towns with love for human flesh has a few impressionistic moments, but mostly comes off like amateur night. Reunites the old "warning" gatsook from *TERROR IS A MAN* and, later, *CHAMBER OF HORRORS* whereby a bizarro sounds before the blood flows (thankfully, we might add), then strives to tell you it's okay to look. You might be well advised to keep your eyes—and ears—covered throughout. Eugene Levy, Andrea Martin, Bonnie Nether, Ronald Lumsden, Dr. Ivan Reitman. Color.

THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES (76 min.—Drama—1973). Currently being hailed as the breakthrough between art and pornography, but don't you believe it. Imagine the Hell scenes from *THE DEVIL'S MESSENGER* with hardcore sex added, and you have some idea how cheap, crummy and inept that graphic *Conrad* is. The devi gives voluptuous spanner singer Georgia Springer one last crack at *A Lost Weekend* before she's consigned for eternity to a hell room with an important crash who won't satisfy her strange desires. Critics who should know better loved that, praising the photography (hairy, imaginative), music (as wonder, since it features Ennio Morricone's score for *ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST*, taken right off the soundtrack album) and acting (no comment). It's dirty, all right, but we'll wait for Francesco Truffaut's or even Roger Vadim's fine porno film before we even start talking about porno flicks and art flicks in the same breath. John Cleese, Harry Dean. Color.

WONDER WOMEN (82 min.—General Film Corp.—1973). Low-grade sci-fi program has poor Nancy Kwan as mad doctor transplanting brains of pained, dederding suffocating into virile bodies of world athletes kidnapped by her army of female commandos. Reminiscent of *MILLION EYES OF SU-MURU* but not in good, if you can believe it. Hero Ross Hagen falls into male chauvinist farce by besting her baldly heroic matron practically single-handed. El cheapo-stinko production shot in the Philippines (where else?) has a couple of piffling-looking monsters that run attack briefly, phony mad-lab traps, generally crummy acting from Filipino-pie regulars Roberto Colom, Vic Diaz, Maria De Aragon and, of course, Sid Haig, the modern Rondo Hatton. Dr. Robert O'Neill. Color.

FELLINI'S ROMA (128 min.—UA—1973).

DUMBO (85 min.—Buena Vista—1941). This re-release glued to packed houses, and it's great that youngsters—and adults—today can experience dramatically a film made when the Disney organization was flush with success, having just moved to the new Burbank studio and still collecting worldwide boxes for *SNOW WHITE*, *PINOCCHIO* and *FANTASIA*. Here once again is the "Arik Elephants On Parade" fantasy and animation effects are as bonkers with any more; the smoke from the circus steam engine, for instance, illustrated by the hand below. The four black crows sing "What I Seen An Elephant Fly" and track in Rob-Crunch style after the line "Well, listen a vegetable track. This moment alone is worth a full admission price! (Especially to fans of "Tales from the Fibbie.") Much work on this film was done by later animator Walt Kelly (five years before he created *POGO*) and Woodey Hermanow, who is now Disney Corp.'s most important creative figure (who just finished directing *ROBIN HOOD*). Color.



A nightmare by a cinematic Documentary dreams into fantasy. The Eternal Cinematheque structure of film divided (as was for renewed purpose) into sequences: an almost apolka discovery of old Rome in a subway excavation (reminders of Fellini's *PLANET OF THE VAMPYRES*), a huge carabinieri chase and Fellini's crew entering Rome in drowning man (apparently unimportant of 85% of opening), motorcycle tour of Rome at night (à la *Concord*), and a bizarre ecclesiastical fashion show, unlike anything ever seen, with the coronation of Pope Paul XII, flinging non robes, skipping cardinals and nuns modeling the flapping tuttledress outfit. There's a strong



feeling in the film that Peltier prefers the Rome of his youth and the ancient Rome to the one of today. He remembers himself at the age of 18 (glanced by Peter Gonzales), spending his first evening in Rome, joining a family and neighborhood street feast, dining on stews and pasta as streetcars rumble by. Proving that you can have decay and eat too. Music by Nino Rota. Aria Magnifica. Gore Vidal. Color.

WEEKEND (95 min.—New Yorker Film—1968). Sparsely distributed, now being "rediscovered" and greater than ever. If life is a cabaret, old charr, it's also one hell of a weekend—a downhill race of blood, violence, rape, corruption, jokes, puns, spray paint, accidents, speeches, conspiracies, titbits, monologues, comedy and tragedy. Made at fever pitch by Jean-Luc Godard, earthy film are two long takes over styled traffic in obvious reference to famous Laurel and Hardy scene. Instead of L&H, Godard often reality of a hulking corpse-strewn traffic accident. Sadly, the cameras free and speeds off to even more bizarre events, filmic and literary allusions (including strange encounter where the film characters meet characters from a novel and debate over who is more "real"). "It is an appalling comedy," said notorious N.Y. Times critic Rita Adato. "It is hard to take. There is nothing like it at all." Released in '68, in only one year there was something like it—Charlie Manson, dealing those buggy death. Color.

SISTERS (93 min.—AIP—1973). Terrible,

barren plot idea is bungled by undisciplined direction, scripting of Brian dePalma (GREETINGS). Separated Sisters twin sisters, one good, one bad, involved in gay murders investigated by girl newspaper reporter. Loaded with untrapped potential, clever story values are abandoned in favor of sloppy "homages" to Hitchcock, tricky, "arty" cinematics which denude the suspense. Final portents almost non-existent. Nice performance by Margot Kidder in the role(s), and worth seeing for the superb, atmospheric music score by Bernard Herrmann which, for awhile, makes pic seem better than it is. Jennifer Salt, Charles Durning, William Finley, Bernard Hughes. Color.



ON TV

STARLOST (NBC-TV, 60 min. with commercials). Perhaps one of the few shows ever aired where you look forward to the commercials. — So, you want to know what happened to all (or at least part) of the great staff left over from SILENT RUNNING? And, you say you're interested in the aftermath of Kubrick's "Star Child", eh, Binky. And... what do you think happened to those great ideas from FANTASTIC VOYAGE, STAR TREK, LOST IN SPACE, etc., etc.? Well, gang, they're all back in camp jack, claustrophobic surroundings. And it's all pretty abominable?

THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE (left to right—Stella Stevens, Ernest Borgnine, Jack Palance, Shelley Winters, Red Buttons, Carol Lynley and Pamela Sue Martin).





Above: Betty Davis is wanted in *SCREAM, PRETTY PEGGY*. Opposite page: Glimmering in ABC-TV's *Suspense* Movie series for a limited run, the increasingly macabre *DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE DARK*—about creatures underneath a house who chase the dreams. Below right: *THE ADDAMS FAMILY FUN HOUSE*, an ABC-TV syndicated one-shot. L. to r.: Shirley Keyes (Uncle Fester), Pat McCormick (Lurch), Liz Terrell (Morticia), below: Jack Riley (Gomez), Neilets Van Sonn (Wednesday), Butch Patrick (Pugsley).

If Kip Dillen appeared to have mutated into a Star Child in 2001, apparently he did not stop there but grew a bit older to become *STARLOST*'s star, and someone passed on or told him to grow a Gipscho in *Outsiders*—but he ain't fancy, kids. He's not even interesting. Maybe because it just happens that diction and everything else suck.

Manfully susceptible for the few few seconds that "look good," Doug Trumbull's availability and efforts are all thrown into the trash, the "producers" (and surcast: is necessary here) have surrounded everything with all manner of cheap plastic and plasterboard/plywood (painted identically) their natural suspension and "art" dept' could design. This isn't too obvious perhaps on black and white sets, but on color TV it's sucking free to be confused with Trumbull's excellent continued opticals and effects which, as pointed above, are few and overwhelmed by the chaptions.

While the *susp*'s basic premise would have been an excellent idea if developed by an intelligent production staff, it's total treatment is monumentally bungled, perhaps as no series ever before on TV (Strangely or not). It's hard to realize, but this is supposed to be the program's idea: planet Earth did not appear ago, and its varied cultures and flora/fauna survive under token circumstances within scenes of separated drama (ala *SILENT RUNNING*) aboard a miles-long spaceship, the *Ast*. Long ago the *Ast* was set on a predetermined course to look for some other System harbor-

ing an Earth-like world, but you wouldn't know it in each week's "adventure," finds Kip and company touring the ship's labyrinthian sections—otherwise known as Mod Squad In Outer Space... except that Mod Squad was sometimes good. It's not worth the paper and ink to outline the various stories. The show's a victim of gross incompetence from every angle.

Now, why did it all have to turn out this way? For the answer, let's posit out a few remarks made by Hasfas Ellison, who originally thought up the whole series but is billed as "Cordwainer Bird" to be relieved of any direct blame. According to an interview Ellison had with FM station WBAI (N.Y.), the series was originally planned as an 8-part mini-series with 20th Century-Fox and BBC in London. Things quickly began getting out of control, and before long it was sold to CTV (Toronto, Canada), instead of professional SF writers, "they called in a solo writer" to oversee all scripting, etc., and hand a production staff "who knew absolutely nothing" about the genre.

Ellison says, "Virtually everybody was a dandthead... everyone had a flag in the pie." And as more of this went on, "everything started getting watered down. Finally, I just walked off the series and ordered that they take my name off, using only my surname, Cordwainer Bird... Every week it got dumber and dumber... Arrogant stupidity did it in."

Ellison revealed that he had written one

of the episodes, but it was rewritten beyond recognition. When the producers realized that there'd be a possible mess, they called on Roddenberry to "save the show," and offered him 50%. He declined, sensing a financial fiasco up ahead. Ellison states that when CTV's staff asked whom could Roddenberry recommend, his answer was, "Hasfas Ellison was the perfect guy, but you screwed him!"

When he reviewed the *U.F.O.* space opera TV series last year, TV Guide's own Cleveland Amory wryly commented: "How you ever thought," one character asks in the premiere episode here, "about the victims of UFO incidents—these loved ones, brothers, sisters? Frankly, we never had, but now, having been a victim of this show, we are no reason to confine our thoughts to loved ones, brothers and sisters. There's trouble enough here for total strangers."

Recently, I've gone back to watching *UFO* in syndication, catching up on the many episodes previously avoided. Next to *STARLOST* the show's a classic. Watch it, Mr. Amory!

—CTB.

SCREAM, PRETTY PEGGY (90 min. with comm.—ABC-TV). The author and director of *PSYCHO*, Alfred Hitchcock, could see, not on grounds of plagiarism but for the definition of a classic. A fine cast, headed by Bette Davis, is absolutely wasted in this stupid and lethargically directed *PSYCHO*-esque. What little Bette does is done from a bed as she plays a callous-mama to Ted Bessell, who, in all fairness, is quite good in spite of the handicapped production and belying all those years spent as cornball comedy fool for Melvin Thomas' *THAT GIRL*. Story is about allegedly mad states locked up in a sequestered cottage on the old estate. But as the growing violence is beginning to look like it'll get to be entertaining, it's not a mad woman on the loose—she never existed except in Ted's head; and until now he's acted fairly normal until he's caught putting on costumes and dressed in drag... which is almost enough to bring back to *It's Queen For A Day*. They drag him away while he plumes and utters, probably hoping they'll revive *THAT GIRL*.

THE ADDAMS FAMILY FUN HOUSE





WORLD OF DISNEY: Happy Fifty Years (ABC-TV—60 min. with comm.). 50th Anniversary collage consisting of short excerpts, beginning with the "Alice in Cartoonland" (1926) and wrapping up one hour later with a terrific surprise four minutes from the *WILIN BOOD* feature, never completed and never released, containing these characters, situations, animation and concept: animals play national Robin Hood characters, and Alice narrates the opening in a country-blond cooer. Other excerpts: *Fantasia*, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, *Silvia Family* (1935), *Priscilla, Lady and the Tramp*, *Ring of the South*, *Navy Peppings*, *The Mickey Mouse Club*, *Snowkout Willie* and *Snowman*. Catch the return of this highly anticipated *Disneyland* hour.

THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER (90 min. with comm.).—Paramount (ABC-TV—1973). Remnant of B-budgeters ground out for days back on pre-made-for-TV days, not this is any more unique—TV is today's neighborhood" and B-film movie theater.

Bad plot sheet Shelley Winters heading up screen, Coffe group of devil worshippers, all forgettable tale, mainly interesting for grace of Winters, Joseph Cotten, and... what happened to Robert Coote?—is Rambo-like Ed. of *THE THING*? He's here in Now, why is this like old B-movie days? Jonathan Frid is in unimportant role as butler! Just like the days when lugubrious began fading

MAD, MAD MONSTERS (60 min. with commercials—ABC-TV). Excellent parody of *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* by Arthur Rankin and Jules Bass. Script by William Kenna (pseud. for Arthur Rankin) and Lou Silverstein has many funny bits. Animation by Steve Nakagawa and Madlin Studios looks like somebody said, "Make it look like Paul Coker." Good caricature of Karloff as Barth Von Frankenstein with accompanying vocal impression. Also featured: the Invisible Man, the Gill Creature of *Black Lagoon* firsts), Dracula, Kong, and Igor. There's even a hotel clerk based on character actor Frank Nelson. Story concerns the Baxons' plans for a wedding at the Transylvania Automat. Coming soon from Rankin-Bass: *LORD OF THE RINGS* by J.R.R. Tolkien. But don't hold your breath. As Wally Wood says, "Tolkien should never be animated. It was meant to be read."

GET HAPPY (60 min.—NBC-TV). The songs of Harold Arlen put into a fantasy framework! opening b&w scenes are a rehash, Jack Lenon blacks out and follows a Yellow Brick Road as transmission switches to color. Finally, at the end of the journey, there's Arlen himself, sitting a piano singing his really big one, "Somewhere Over the Rainbow," then, back to b&w. Too much trickery and cuteness. We liked the Lenon show on *Genilvan* with its simple set and his hits much much better. Now, how 'bout Regens and Blue?

THE BEST And THE WORST FILMS Of The YEAR

The entire *CaF* staff thought it was going to be one of those only short and sweet conferences to select the Best and Worst of the year. It wasn't! Fortunately, it was an *Saturday night*. And after hours of debating and calling out for pizza and coffee twice, *CaF* was about ready to break, but the decisions were made, all the final ballots were tallied, and the results are below.

THE BEST

THE EXORCIST (dir. William Friedkin). SOYLENT GREEN (dir. Richard Fleischer). **THE LONG GOODBYE** (dir. Robert Altman). **IN SEARCH OF ANCIENT ASTRONAUTS** (NBC-TV).

THE BORROWERS (NBC-TV). **SLEEPER** (dir. Woody Allen). **FRANKENSTEIN** (dir. Jack Smight; NBC-TV). **JONATHAN** (dir. Hans Gissel-Nielsen). **PRIVATE PARTS** (dir. Paul Martin). **THE HOMECOMING** (dir. Peter Hall).

Honorable Mention

THEATRE OF BLOOD (dir. Douglas Hickox). **DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE** (NBC-TV). **THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE** (John Hough). **PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY** (ABC-TV). **HEAVY TRAFFIC** (dir. Ralph Bakshi). **A COLD NIGHT'S DEATH** (ABC-TV). **THE LAST OF SHEILA** (dir. Herbert Ross).

ROBIN HOOD (dir. Wolfgang Reitherman).
BATTLE OF THE PLANET OF THE APES
(dir. J. Lee Thompson).
WESTWORLD (dir. Michael Crichton).

WORST

LOST HORIZON
SEX MILLION DOLLAR MAN (TV)
STICKS AND BONES (TV)
THE CLONE
LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT



SFantaFILM NEWS

Diplomat Pictures is releasing a horror western, *THE WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON*, about a reporter on assignment in Budapest who's bitten by a werewolf and later returns to Washington and becomes press aide to the President. As the plot thickens, he bites and kills several people on the President's list of "enemies." It stars Dean (Dunwich House) Stockwell, Jeff McGuire, the late Michael Dunn, and is directed by Milton M. Gangberg.

Shooting now completed on Herman Hesse's *Make A Monster*, *Black Museum*, *Black Zoo*, *Troy Cohen's* latest, *CRAZE*, starring Jack Palance in an axe-wielding madman with Diana Dors, Julie Ege, Edith Evans, Hugh Griffiths and Trevor Howard. *Fredric Francis* (Dr. Terror's House of Horrors, *Evil of Frankenstein*, *Tales from the Crypt*) directed from a screenplay by Abel Korodata and Herman Cohen, *CRAZE* marks at least Palance's 4th venture into the genre, having appeared with Peter Cushing in *Torture Chamber*, as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in the 1966 ABC-TV special, and in the title role in Dan Curtis' recently completed 2-hour CBS-TV version of *DRACULA*.

HARRYHAUSEN Dept.

Ray Harryhausen's latest special effects treat (and first film after nearly four years), *THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD*, is now all set for mid- to late February release, after several technical problems yanked it off its originally scheduled Christmas debut. Other areas of the country won't be playing it until March till sometime in spring. Columbia Pictures will give it the greatest amount of promotion any Harryhausen film's received since *THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD*. As part of the promotional package, Ray Harryhausen and producer Charles Salter are scheduled to tour the country, as if you live in a large metropolitan area be sure and check your local newspaper for their specific appearances. To date, there is no definite decision whether Melito Roosa's score will be released as a soundtrack album. An most SFantaFilm fans will recall, Roosa was also responsible for the now-classic score for the 1939 *The Thief of Bagdad*. Filming for *GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD* took place mainly in Spain, utilizing Harryhausen's new special effects process, Dynarama.

Isaac Asimov's novel, *THE CAVES OF STEEL*, has been purchased by Columbia Pictures for filming by producer Gerald Ayres. First published in 1954, the novel is the story of a New York detective and his

CoF's capsule summary of the world of horror-fantasy and science-fiction motion pictures.. here and abroad

robot partner investigating a murder. Columbia says that it will be the first of "the many Asimov books ever to be filmed."

Canadian genius Mel Brooks, who recently completed directing *BLACK BART*, will soon finish directing a horror spoof for 20th Century. The film, *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN* (from a Gene Wilder script) stars Peter Boyle as the Monster, Marty Feldman as "Igor," with Wilder in the title role.

Amicus Productions' *THE BEAST MUST DIE*, nearing completion... Title Changes: *Jack The Ripper Goes West* (starring Jack Palance) is now a *KNIFE FOR THE LADIES*. . . . *Amicus' Tales From Beyond the Grave* has been altered to *FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE*.

George Lucas, director of *THX-1138* as a graduate film student, will be investing much of the profits from his first "recognized" film, *AMERICAN GRAFFITI* (a tremendous critical and financial success), into his next project, an as yet untitled space epic. . . .



Vincent Price makes a guest appearance on Helen Hayes' new TV series *THE SNOOP SISTERS*. More than 35 years ago, Price got his acting break appearing opposite Miss Hayes in *Victoria Regina* on the London stage, before the play moved with its stars to equally brilliant success in New York the following season.

A ranger picked up recently has it that Hitchcock's *PSYCHO* was originally filmed in color! As the story goes, an advance screening of the film to the public proved so terrifying that the powers-that-be decided to release it in black & white. Allegedly, Hitch's was taken aback when the film was shot in color when granting interviews, but has always avoided comment, possibly because he has accepted praise all these years for shooting it in black & white. Anyone who knows more about this or can confirm this rumor is urged to write to me, George Stover, Box 10065, Bethesda, Md. 20204, so that we may try and unearth the truth on this matter.

Of special interest to all Amateur Film Makers:

If your film contains special effects, such as stop motion photography, or utilizes unusual make-up techniques, then get in touch with *CINE-MAGIC* magazine. Each issue of the periodical features a column on Amateur movie making activity taking place around

the country, portions of it are also devoted to amateur and semipro filmakers and filmmakers. Sample copy a \$1, to: CINEMA-MAGIC, P.O. Box 125, Perry Hall, Md. 21218.

Latest word on *Premiere Hall's THE KING KONG BOOK* is that it's been postponed indefinitely (as is also this issue's *Lester col*) for more on this and related problems. It seems that RKO was demanding too much money for the use of their King with RKO seems very protective of its star gentle and even demanded (and received) \$150 per frame blow-up for each of the "oversized" scenes used in the Sept. 1971 issue of *Esquire* magazine. Authors Harry Goldblatt and Ronald Gottesman are considering negotiations with another publisher.

Made over two years ago, the long delayed and newest adaptation of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," entitled *THE MONSTER*, is now in general, though still sporadic, release around the U.S. It was produced by Amicus, directed by Stephen Weck, and stars Chris Lee as the good Dr. J. & Mr. H., with Peter Cushing and Michael Rennie.

What ever happened to *BLACKSTEIN* and other similar projects? Info info, direct to the CoF hot-line, reports that Hollywood is more excited about *King Kong* these days and that they're bigger monstrosities, with even greater appeal to black and non-black audiences. Also, many black-oriented films haven't been doing well lately. More Blacks were starting to ascend, with good reason, images of themselves as underachievers, criminals, etc. Word passed on by all leading and respectable Black organizations was to "Boycott" such movies. Apparently it has worked, while films like *SCOUNDREL* and *LADY SINGS THE BLUES* will be the future trend.

Already more than \$5 million has been distributed to theaters, with fifteen (15) new releases now out or due shortly. . . . Ian Cameron's novel, "The Lost Ones," has turned into Walt Disney Production's most expensive film, titled for release as *ISLAND AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD*, it's cost may be even more than \$5 million by the time it goes into theaters.

Curtis Harrington, director of that great little classic *Night Tide*, and the unforgettable *What's the Matter With Helen?* (not to mention *Who Killed Auntie Rose?*), has completed *THE KILLING KIND*, a truly weird trip starring Ann Sothern and John Savage.

Fans of Caroline Munro, this issue's CoF Slaymate and starring in *GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD*, can soon enjoy more of this tantalizing beauty in Harrington's *KRONOS*. The film sounds highly intriguing—it's about Captain Kronos, former soldier of fortune, who is dedicated to destroy evil-dom and finds eventually his work out for him on discovering a vengeful one in the back country of late-18th century Germany. Produced by Brian Clemens and Albert Fenwell (and scripted and directed by Clemens), it's especially worthy of attention—in case you forgot, both men were responsible for the unmissable *THE AVENGERS* on TV.

Vampir bats spoof Jackie Cooper, Alex Cord, Richard Jaeckel, etc., in weird Mexican caves, the locale for *CHOOSEN SURVIVORS*

... Planned for release by renowned Z-budget blaster Ted V. Mikels (*The Astro-Zombie, The Undertaker and His Paki, AFTER SHOCK*—and we pray it's not after-shock that sets in after viewing the film. Story's set in the year 2000 when the world's rocked by earthquakes, leading to strange discoveries along California's naked coastline. Sounds like an upturn in Mikels' career.

SUMMERTIME KILLER (starring Oliver Hassay, Kim McLean), THE MUMMY'S REVENGE, THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND (loosely based on the Verne novel and ideas from H.G. Wells, starring Oscar Sharif), and BLOODY CEREMONY are some new offerings coming from Cineplex, a new Spanish production organization.

WELCOME TO ARROW BEACH, directed by the late Laurence Harvey, still appears to be in distribution limbo. It was filmed in Santa Barbara, Calif., area, starring Mr. and Mrs. Sammy Davis Jr. The action's full of suspenseful gore about bodies stored in ice and caravans.

ABC-TV will continue leading next season with made-for-TV horror-suspense, launched in their kace-up SATAN'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE DARK, and DYING ROOM ONLY.

Sorcery, fantasy and sci-fi are detailed in director Robert "Ribey" Peart's nearly-finished THE FINAL PROGRAMME, based on a novel by noted SFantasy author Michael Moorcock, and will star Jon Finch and Jenny Runan.

And Others, Such as . . .

DEATHLINE (which wowed audiences and publishers as England's 3rd greatest box-office grosser last year), stars Donald Pleasance, with Chris Lee. It's a sick black comedy about a plague-carrying human, rats, etc. . .

Murderous youngsters make trouble and have a deal with the Devil to help them kill off grown-ups and take over the world in THE WEDNESDAY CHILDREN. . . A documentary exposing fraudulent and revolting honest occult practices, titled VOODOO, coming from Camera One . . .

PLUMED SERPENT, scripted by Nigel Kneale (who created all of the "Quatermass" series, e.g. The Creeping Unknown, 5 Million Years to Earth, . . . DOCTOR DEATH, featuring Robert "Varga" Quarry, Peter Cushing and Vincent Price based on Angus Hall's novel, "Deviltry"). Film title may also be changed to THE REVENGE OF DOCTOR DEATH. . . From Loose International, LISA AND THE DEVIL, starring lascious Elle Somers, Alida Valli, Telly "Hofid" Svoray and Sylvia Kristin, . . . HOUSE ON SKULL MOUNTAIN, created by, of all things, Chocolate Chip Prod., and marches in from location in Atlanta, Ga. . . From Spain: WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO SOLANGE? and ALL THE COLORS OF DARKNESS. . . And Ross "Wild, Wild West" Martin is the Devil who shanks a group of adults down to hell in THE WORLD THROUGH THE EYES OF CHILDREN, starring Dan Dailey, Nancy Kulp and Jerome Rodriquez.

And one other ABC-TV entry to watch next season, ISN'T IT SHOCKING, about a rubicund sheriff who investigates the singularly macabre events in a number of awful deaths.

— George Stever and Bruce Gessner.



BOOKS And MAGS Of INTEREST

"The Normal Lovecraft" (\$7.50 in heavy paper binding; \$12.00, special board edition).

"The Fire-Fire and the Raven" (\$7.50 in heavy paper), by Charles Godey Jr. & E. Rose.

"Golgatha: A Phantom" (\$2.00 in heavy paper), by Charles D. Godey.

"Gothiques and Fantastiques" (\$7.50 in heavy paper), by C.A. Smith.

Available from Gerry de la Ree, 7 Cedarwood Lane, Saddle River, N.J. 07458.

Anyone interested in collector's items should grab on to the above limited editions (average print run: 450 to 600 copies). All are heavily decorated and illustrated by Virgil Finlay and other fine artists. But, what all have in common is the unique NORMAL LOVECRAFT is all about the human, personal side of the noted SFantasy author, including personal reminiscences and revelations by Wilfrid B. Tatman, one of the few remaining survivors of the original "Lovecraft Circle" and close friend of HPL. L. Sprague de Camp adds his own reminiscences and special Lovecraftiana. The book concludes with "Gargantuan" extracts from letters by Soma Green, HPL's wife. It's a beautiful top-drawer rare and exotic acquisition, and a "must" for collectors and scholars.



Equally important to fan and scholar alike is Godey's FIRE-FIEND & THE RAVEN, containing Poe's famed poems (for competitive reasons), but mostly all about Godey who, in the late 1850's, perpetrated one of history's greatest literary hoaxes by passing off and publishing "lost Poe" epigrams believed lost. Except . . . it was by Godey. Included is a facsimile of the host's entire hoary tomp, printed in 1864 which contains thousands of words detailing everything and furnishing valuable information about Poe and the world he lived in. And, of course, the hoax rat is here in its entirety.

GOLGOTHA, also by Godey, is a fitting companion to the above (illustrated by Peary and others). This hitherto unknown poet's talented obsession over Poe in a pleasantly ap- parent.

Of all the early pulp SFantasy, perhaps only Clark Ashton Smith, and one or two others, are privileged to stand in the same pantheon dominated by HPL. But few seem to know of this master's geni- and-talent. In this fine collection of CAS' art, GROTESQUES & FANTASTIQUES include 48 rare word drawings and 56 previously unpublished poems. Also contained is an informative tribute to CAS by editor-publisher de la Ree, with many extracts from CAS' personal correspondence.

Gerry de la Ree, by the way, happens to be one of the world's most noted and dedicated, SFantasy collectors and a highly respected dealer. Other unusual rarities will be forthcoming.

from him, including (by the time this appears) Klarkash-los & Monstro Lighn (\$4.), a collection of more unpublished CAS and some Peary material.

"The Crystal Man," by Edward Page Mitchell (Doubleday, \$7.95). Edited and collected by Sam Moskowitz.

WEIRD TALES' editor, Sam Moskowitz (now Co-Ed. 20 for detailed review), is without doubt among the very few considering SFantasy among the scholars-historians of our time. Weaving through endless old newspaper files, he was able to cull over 1000 before publishing his own book. Formed stories by an crackpot-legend and unknown master of the genre, Edward Page Mitchell. Editor Sam's scholarship is especially amazing since Mitchell's stories are especially anonymous, written mostly in the 1870's and early 1880's during his more than 50-years tenure as editor under Charles A. Dana and Francis A. Marchay's New York daily, *The Sun*. Apart from several old weird-horror tales, the stories provide perhaps the world's most important link to modern science fiction and, thus, make this one of most unusual and dimensioned books ever to appear in the genre.

Containing 50 short stories and novellas, Sam's 50-page introductory case alone is worth the price. Telling of about Mitchell's career, and some juicy, colorful history into the publishing world of that day, plus fascinating cross-references and information pertaining to 19th century SFantasy activity.

And why was Mitchell so important? Because he appears to have been "first" with practically every major SF concept which was regarded as "modern" only in the last 25 odd years. Mitchell is, in fact, page 1 in Sam's *brilliant et siro*.

"The Missing Link" in the history of American science fiction (let us!) . . . has been discovered . . . possibly a major influence on H.G. Wells, whom he anticipated.

Sam indicates that Mitchell's "firsts" take in: . . . The author known today writing a theory suitable for faster-than-light travel, in 1874 . . . a river napalm story in 1881, seven years before H.G. Wells wrote his in 1888 . . . (about) a non-electrostatic毛泽东 computer function in a human head . . . in 1879. There is no people more well-versed of the creation of anything man through scientific means than (Mitchell's) in 1881, sixteen years before Wells! "In 1885 he was probably the second author to employ the story idea of a child born a mental mutant, capable of instinctively inventing a new device to order."

Mitchell's other "firsts" go positively amazing, in view of the "young" it is considered to be. But literary firsts may not be very compelling if the writer is a bore. Mitchell definitely is a pleasure to read and, as Sam puts it, "The man was a tyro and had a delightful sense of humor."

If Mitchell remained in this day to totally understand, how, then, could his incomparably printed tales influence so many? As Sam points out the answer, unashamed plagiarism was possible at that time since there were no international copyright laws and, "The Sun" had the largest international circulation, thus mad more widely than any newspaper in the entire world.

All of the foregoing information about Mitchell and his times comes from just a small portion of Sam's first two pages of introduction. You'll have to buy the book to find out more—much more than \$7.95 can get you nearly anywhere today.

The Crystal Man is a definite milestone and has to be one of the most important SFantasy achievements ever to appear between hardcovers. It will be a long time before another book of this caliber arrives—and, indeed, it will be amazing when it does happen.

"Beware Of The Cat" (Tapeinges, \$6.50), edited by Michel Perry.

Our old Co-Finland and contributor of many fine articles to our pages in the past, Marc Perry, has been busy involved in British film production, novels, original short story collections of his own, and several anthologies for the last few years. A few of them are starting to appear in U.S. editions, and this one ought well to follow. Perry's collection contains the same distinctive style and quality. Of course, it's all about our fellow humans in fact and fiction. Best part about it is that almost all of the contents consist of highly rare, unfamiliar selections, beginning with a lost novel set like written over 400 years ago and "The Vampyre Cat," among several others personally discovered and translated by Perry. Perry's an illuminating introduction. Perry's dedication is evident throughout with important background notes preceding each entry. A fine, recommended addition for even the most discriminating collector.

"Androids, Time Machines and Blue Girls" (Wolfe Pub. Co., \$6.95), compiled by Vic Ghoshal, with Roger Elwood.

Editor Vic Ghoshal has been associated with many of the better paperback anthologies for a number of years, but this very attractive hardcover collection may be his best to date. For, made one book is a fictional genesis of some of SF/Fantasy's greatest themes.

Robots, Monstrous, Machines, Mutants, Time travel, Space travel.

For newcomers to Spafantasy, this is one of the most pleasant ways of capturing one's taste; for veteran readers, while a few stories may be old familiar friends, it's the handout-mast of getting a good bird's-eye view of the genre's structural disjuncture to be published in some time. Each chapter covers exactly four different stories, ranging all the way from one master like Dr. Mephistopheles, Verne, Wells, and Stowe, to acclaimed modernists like Le Guin, Atwood, and Arthur C. Clarke. A large class of this material never has been anthologized before, and typically intriguing are such pens as H.G. Wells' "Chronic Argonauts" originally published in 1888 (and refined by Sam Moskowitz in "The Crystal Men"), later reacut and expanded into "The Time Machine." A delightful book.

"The Frankenstein Legend" (\$10.00, three Scarecrow Press, 57 Liberty St., P.O.Box 656, Metuchen, N.J. 08843), by Don Gutz.

Don Gutz's name has been a household word in SF/Horror pre- and fan circles for a very long time. If you ask what house? The answer is now obvious: the House of Frankenstein, of course. Because... he has in one hefty book a smattering of anything you ever wanted to know about Frankenstein, from its ancient origins (when it all began) and Mary Shelley's circle of literary giants who were her friends) to the films, TV programs, cartoons and numerous other enterprises devoted to the famous Doctor-and-Monster down the aisle. The degree of work and research that Gutz presents is positively stupendous, the labor it involved must have been staggering. With all its scholarly profanity, it avoids the turgidities of bridge-caving pretentiousness that has named the pleasure of reading most historical works. In short, it's a grand "fan" book one can enjoy and learn from at the same time. Besides many fascinating photos and illustrations, there's an excellent index covering hundreds of items, very detailed and revisable bibliography (with excellent cross-references), and, a lovely, touching introduction by Farry Askerman, written from "Kaikoliforma," naturally.

In Search of VON DANIKEN

"Gods From Outer Space" (Egmont, 1972; \$1.25), by Erich Von Daniken.

In this follow-up to "Chariots of the Gods,"

Von Daniken offers even more evidence of extraterrestrial visitors to Earth: photographs and drawings of the giant stylized pictures on the Nazca Plains of Peru, the Easter Island monoliths, the eight-ton stone balls found in the middle of the Costa Rican jungle, the inexplicable 225 smoothly cut volcanic stone blocks on Chile's El Encantado plateau, accessible only on horseback, a translation from the Cobbala (written around 1200 AD) depicting the life on other planets, and an ascertaining story of buried extraterrestrials discovered in 1978 in the Stro-Melano border district, a story backed up by archaeologists and anthropologists anxious to protect their reputations. Most compelling is Von Daniken's interpretation of the Bible, a guidebook of behavior and genetic control left to us by our alien ancestors. For instance, see Leviticus 18: 4-12 for a detailed description of discrediting procedures still used today.

Von Daniken has a great scenarioistic imagination, especially when he speculates that mankind may have been genetically programmed, that we may even have been "memory" programmed, if he's right, then possibly this is the answer to the phenomena of "synchronicity" which bugged Jung. Shaver, this book alongside Arthur C. Clarke's "Profiles of the Future."

"Chariots of the Gods" (Egmont, 1972; \$1.25), by Erich Von Daniken.

Von Daniken's first book introduces a number of topics covered more briefly and in greater detail in "Gods From Outer Space," plus Biblical interpretations, astronomical puzzles, the discovery of an ancient atomic battery, an astronomical calculating machine from the year 82 B.C., and the Mayan observatory at Chichen Itza. The book ends with a host of NASA and a pitch for more funds for space research.

Most amazing is Von Daniken's lack of research, completely ignoring such things as Hyatt Verrill's claim that he actually saw a "radiactive planet" used to scorch the continents. No mention of the Bearded White Men of Tiahuanaco (in Lake Titicaca near Tiahuanaco) who roamed thru South America spreading culture long before the Spaniards. Native legends, even today, credit these men as the creators of the mightiest.

No mention, also, of the evidence in Immanuel Velikovsky's "Earth in Upheaval" that Tiahuanaco was once 12,500 feet lower than it is today. No mention of a story told by one of the most Europeans to visit Tiahuanaco, Goto de Leon, who chronicled same stories during the Spanish Conquest. "I ask the natives, in the presence of Don Vargas who was their head, that they hand over their town if these buildings had been constructed in the time of the Incas. They laughed at the question, affirming what had already been stated, that they had been made long before they ruled, but that they could not state of whom who made them, but that they had heard from their forebears that what is seen now was made in one night." No mention of a belief in some quarters that the huge hidden at the Bay of Pisco was a primitive form of semisubmersible. Study these things are relevant.

"Crash Go The Chariots" (Lancer, 1972; \$1.25), by Clifford Wilson, M.A., R.D., Ph.D.

So point of a 1972 Australian book offering a rebuttal to Von Daniken's theories by an archaeologist and Biblical scholar. Dr. Wilson does a good job of demolishing Von Daniken, presenting cogent, well-argued, dispassionate, sleepy research, etc. (For instance, answering Von Daniken's question, "What was the first named it upside down?" — referring to the monolithic block at Sacsayhuaman in Peru, Wilson replies simply, "An earthquake.") The book succeeds in making Von Daniken look like a wild-eyed fanatic, but — several facts remain:

(1) Use of Scientific Method, as proposed by Wilson, would have kept Von Daniken from ever writing his speculative books. Von Daniken's approach is not that dissimilar from the stance taken by Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier in their notorious "Masons of the Magicians." (2) Von Daniken's criticisms of archaeologists and anthropologists are quite valid, they offer either no theories or conflicting theories, but ascertain their heads off when investigating the open like Velikovsky or Von Daniken dare to intrude in their territory. (3) So-called "isolated" and "isolated" men of religion are responsible for the destruction of important key monuments, tablets, drawings, megoliths in South America, Easter Island and Africa. These acts are indicative of a way of thinking that persists today. (4) Wilson uses the writings of Thor Heyerdahl to rebut many of Von Daniken's statements. But, both Heyerdahl and Von Daniken should be credited with the following: they understood that so-called "primitive" myths and legends are depictions of literal true natural (not supernatural) phenomena which once actually happened as a very distant history. Chroniclers of legends, like D.G. Eason, author of the 1882 "Athenaeus Hera-Myth," and Biblical scholars are usually blind to the simple truth. (5) "What an imagination he has!" cynically says Wilson of Von Daniken. It is to his credit, we say.

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THE FILM JOURNAL (55, 60; 8 Issues, U.S. & Canada, quarterly, Box 9652, Hellins College, Worcester, Mass. 01655)

In less than a year and a half, TFJ has joined ranks with some of the best serious film publications, such as *Films in Review*, *Film Comment*, and *Film Quarterly*, . . . except for a slight difference. TFJ strives to enjoy doing its thing with more "Tolkish" enthusiasm without seeking any credibility. Past issues covered a variety of topics, ranging from "Vertigo" to the films of King Vidor, Michael Cacoyannis, the last issue on G.W. Griffith, another on *Film Serials*. However, the current 5th issue (in our opinion anyway), all about *Horror Films*, is the best! Included are several excellent analyses about horror films thru the ages: "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde," An interview with Michael Marmurau, and "The Devil and Friends" "Horror Classic." *THE MUMMY*, *DRACULA*, *THE RAVEN*, by Laged University Arthur Lovejoy, and other good features, running all total, 88 pages, with great photos on A-1 glossy paper. Highly recommended.

VERTEX 800-805 Issues (Intermix, 800-805 Main St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90044).

It may not sound like it, but VERTEX is a PAINLESS mass and according to its own press release history, the 1970 world is defined as "the shortest point of something." . . . Probably the closest point to nothing." . . . Possibly "cause VER" is quite dreadful, despite its gassy, expensive appearance (one price at \$1.50 an issue) and somewhat pretentious veneer. Certainly though, we don't consider VERTEX a cult. The last 12-odd pages bring up spec "extraterrestrial" related cultural advancements in the mutant, real, primitive style since we attended Prof. Zedekiah Migraine's lecture on art life in the Godz Desert. There's also a "science news" section—right out of newspaper items months old! And a section on "Predictability," some poor cartoons, etc., etc. yet VERTEX will take Spicy Sherry any day—when someone starts publishing it. One good feature, though, is an article on *Aliens* (including a capsule).

In Brief:

JOURNAL OF POPULAR FILM (81.50—4 Issues \$4.00 quarterly, Editors, University Has 101, Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green, Ohio 43403).

In seven issues, this one, too, has attained an international status with the better film journals. First review on an interesting publication in the initial issue of *Col.*



COMIC BOOK REVIEWS

COT'S COMIC BOOK COUNCIL

Obviously there's a strong overlapping interest among many who not only dig films but other "festival" things, particularly graphic in, due to "popular demand," we're taking anything top into the comic world by remaking CoF's CBC—for the time being anyway. Whether or not it stays a permanent feature from now on purely depends on how, YOU, the reader feels about it. Yes, Mr. and Mrs. America (and all the stars at sea [CoF, that is]), YOU ASKED FOR IT! So, it's here again!

No need of informing all the comic cognoscenti that the industry is in trouble—for others, this is still news, of course. Main trouble: in many cases, it's poor distribution in certain areas but the actual difficulty is that there's only so much talent that can go around, and only a handful of truly outstanding artists and writers who can make a 26¢ comic worth buying. Many new titles have been dropped, and, of the last year, others have reappeared, like *Conan*, and new reprinting and remention will take place. Because there is a serious talent shortage, many titles that haven't already gone bellyflop are doing that right now.

And don't be at all surprised to witness the death of the 20¢ comic book. The answer? *SO&O*! There's been a trend in that direction for some time. *Conan* has gradually moved this with increased vigor lately, and it would be wise if the Marvel and DC titles do the same. *Conan* is the 50¢ comic book, and it's starting a better bargain (which they are)—especially if they're more judicious with reprints, and don't bosh things by reprinting, together with new material, serials available from ten or fifteen years ago (which they have). Plus, 13 to 16 pages of crummy art can't screw up the layouts of a 100¢ book as they are now going with the Marvels (which you flip thru in a certain way look like art catalogs).

All following and future reviews aren't governed by any "rules" or criteria except those of taste. Objectivity is indeed hard, if only for one reason: Madison Avenue "influence," which rules with 10 parts of evil contamination, may be 80 parts of the reason that *Conan* is, unfortunately, that. Establishment comic book reviews is like descending down to the world of *Utopia*. One might as well say, well most of our entire world is like *Utopia*. The awful thing is that Establishment comics espouse social malaise rather than standards striving to achieve excellence. Bearing that in mind, onward... and remember that a few golden comic nuggets doesn't mean a gold rush trend to the way.

Hulk (#74), once so promising ages ago, is quite awful and a jerkish, self-righteous, crude, clichéd, and tasteless comic book. *Marvel Team-Up* (#2) is being like "two to one" odds, especially—Kane Slawson overenthusiastic by stupid refresh like Marketing Thingibus-Matiner and a gaggle of other "charmers" is a busy messin'. *Fantastic Four* (#42) is the opposite: story is well-written (but has Jay Garry Conway), and the Buscemi-Giacola art, teaming lovely... but the art is so overblown a mess that like all reprint issues, Dumbson with Dracula combos with old Universal film clichés, Ultra-drab Buscemi/Vengoski art, and even dumber 4-axes reprint for padding.

Farmer Mac-Thing (#2) seemed so notion (while it appeared last year) as to be hopeless, until recent *Mac-Thing* (2nd year) with especially good art by the *Mac-Thing* (Tippin), but mainly by Steve Gerber's basic style and senseless violence to the 2nd Mac.

Kull (#12) has been mixed temibly from a potential "instant collector's item"—back Buscemi-Peebles art, of course, though 4-page reprint makes this almost worth \$2... *Doc Savage* (#3) with good routine Buscemi-Giacola art but it's a little going absolutely no-



where... *Conan* (#6) hangs in there, as if for ever like the 1960s *Barry Sullivan* (which I still like). *Chair's Living Room* manages overcoming Mazzoni's limitations. Worthy of attention, but not too outstanding... *Beware* (#6), worth noting for odd-and-audif reprint, especially for "The Little People," a bad swipe from *Toe* (knowing it's *FIREHORN*).



... *Chamber Of Chills* (#4)—which is going back a bit—is a great example of everything being a *farce*—Foster (11) should be (considering how this book's deteriorated insanely by late), excellent original artwork by Buscemi, illustrating art by Buscemi, and the script by John C. Miller is a stomach-churner adapted by Buscemi and adequately drawn by Monte-Poli (14 pages) crowded by Gardner Fox's top-caller son, "Demons From Beyond," refined by far above average Chaykin-Sinatra art. *Chamber*'s 9th issue is quite greatly in quality by comparison. All reprints, of course.

Wirewear (#2) continues startlingly pleasant like past issues of the *Wire*. *Powerman* (#1) is routine... *DRACULA* (#8), like the other book, badly bogged down in theme when you remember how well it began, with its Herren Rien mood, etc. Artwork by Colan-Fermer almost hits the bull's-eye for several pages but grovels elsewhere. Fair script by Wolfman. *DRACU*'s 8th issue is interesting, but no improvement....



Marvel Presents DR. STRANGE (#1) is graphically superb (Branfer and Buskirk). Englehardt's script, though well-written, needs old *Dr. Strange* material that's been done too often... *Great Old Masters* (#5) proves some reprints aren't always poison... *Worlds Unknown* (#5) has a story by JUE Van Vogt... one of Shanes's best villains almost wasted by routine Ackim-McNamee art... *Marvel Spotlight: Son Of Satan* (#4)—interesting, but like *Powerman*, it's not well-handled, as pine-headed super hero costs, with grueling McNamee-Trepagnier art adding to the pain.

However, *Best Of Kirby* teams with *Best* for a really great, bang-up job for *Far LIVING*.

VAMPIRE (#1), previewing *Morticia*'s adventures, the stuff by Prigogine is hardly a classic—but the entire issue manages to balance out excellently... *World Warlock Tales* (#3), a good reprint issue in contrast with its usual crappy reprint titles...

SHOOTLIGHT (#1)... Jim Starlin, artist extraordinaire! Best *Galaxy* teams with *Best* for a really great, bang-up job for *Far LIVING*.

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SHOOTLIGHT (#1)... Jim Starlin, artist extraordinaire! If two or three artists are responsible for *Best Marvel's Image Among the Living*, Jim Starlin wins our special CBC "Thank You" Award for now doing *Captain Marvel* and *Mister of Kang* (#1). Especially Capt., *Mister* (#1), which must be one of the finest issues of any comic ever created (especially embellished by Gahan and Mignogna). Would that even 25% of Super Hero material were like this?



And the last Marvel item for review, *Graz* (#2), has several good pages, but the rest looks all copied up together. Even if the "McCloud" and "Lives And Let Die" backshots could be tolerated for poor humor, the photo-funnies are sufficiently ridiculous to waste the best publication, let alone *glossy* *Image*, *House*, *Job*, etc. With all its current *MCU*, *MCU* can't be in the thought of "What's the worry?" How true.

Englehardt will be more on the G.C.'s in our next column... In passing, *PLDF* (#4) is worthy of attention, for even with its many weaknesses, it's on the upswing... and the only title in the world with test ads! *Neat little bargain*, and often fun.

THE HASTY SPOTLIGHT: *Swamp Thing* (any issue), by Berni Wrightson—great... *Shaman* (#1, & current Head) is in trouble with the art, but the script is great. *Letterbox*, *Detector* (#23), with the most boring art on the planet... *Dark Mandor* (#10), very good... *House of Secrets* (#19), excellent... *Shadow* (#3), outstanding because of Kaleta-Wrightson teamup... *Swamp Thing* (any issue), a collector's item!

All for now. Please let me know anything you feel about this dept., and ill conversation.—C.T.



(Continued from page 3)

them, I'd already seen the film months earlier. Why aren't there interactions with Casting, Price, even Gabor, Lee?—CHRIS LIEB (Unless one of last issue's readers, I know, that I'm in love with him). And more obituaries, appreciations—Barbra Kamoff will be dead five years in February, and a memorial would be nice.

I am in complete agreement with your editorial on censoring of horror films. I further agree that *Coff* is the worst offender. After witnessing the wretched butchering of *DRACULA PRINCE OF DARKNESS*, I did write an angry letter to the station stationing that unless the wanton censorship ended, I'd stop my monthly *Letters* column. *Coff*, Mr. Stoker, or whatever boyz are doing it, with Johnny Carson, if I wanted to see what an explained doublet like those mattockless sequencies in what were once classic *ASP* and *Hannibal* have... before being hacked to death. I really don't know how much good my letter to the station did. I received a reply from the station telling me for my comments and agreeing to consider them in the future. But where one letter is fed, perhaps hundreds will be impunged as everyone should write by *me* instead.

Keep up the good work—perhaps a bit more often and regularly, but keep it up!—
Mr. Antonio Battista, 3811 Main St., Stratford, Connecticut.

—I admire you, *Artene*, for your anti-censorship stand, but your remarks on *Coff* made me go below to my basement and send a couple thousand extra rolls into the Monitor to make *Coff* stronger. Perhaps *Coff* hasn't had many adherents, but I have recently, but what about the one with Douglas Fairbanks and our two-hundred-dollar note, Harryhausen in nos. 18 and 19? And *Don Siegel* in this issue? Without such men who would *definitely* film and act out his "As for seemingly dated reviews... only newspapers or weeklies come our about the time of new releases; it's usually impossible even for insiders to find them" "new" films that may, for example, appear in one review of the country are still current even three or six months later—except for my exploitation blockbusters like

POSSESSION ADVENTURE, most new films are only released regionally in roadside fashions. Once a film plays out in a certain area, it moves to another region. Often this is deliberate—most companies won't strike up more than 30 to 150 copies (sometimes for as few as 20 or 30) to test its boxoffice power. If a film does unusually well in all bookings, or gets additional exploitation money, then they'll print up 300 to 1500 copies and saturate the whole country. But in today's arty-quilt market, there are no few and

straight roles, and popular films may play for six months or more in scattered runs, such as *WESTERNGLD*. It first opened around early September on the West Coast and in rural Midwest areas, and only began appearing in the NYC area in late November, and will still be in first run another two months, before it begins playing out in late winter and early spring (not counting 2nd, 3rd run and numerous book-ins). Today such a situation is almost the rule for a good majority of releases, others, unfortunately, seem to disappear overnight, only to appear these days within 8 to 16 months battered, censored and watered-down.

And because most films eventually will appear on TV, that's what makes *Coff* return eternally timely, apart from being necessary jiggers (for those who've seen a film and wish to remember). *Coff* reviews, *hi* said, are intended to explore certain conspicuous facets that may have been minimized, ignored or overlooked by many of the so-called Establishment "critics" ... and also contrast *westerns A to Z* and are good for your health.

TV Censorship is more insidious than it seems on the surface. Less than two years ago (but 1000 long before Watergate) hearings Sen. Sam Ervin's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights unearthed the following facts on *TV Censorship*, presented by a division of the Writers Guild of America (WGA):

"96% of Guild members know that censorship on TV exists from personal experience... Many have never written a (TV) script, no matter how innocent, that hasn't been censored."

"81% believe that TV is presenting a distorted picture of what is happening to this country—politically, economically and racially. We are horrified because 75 million people are being fed programs daily with no resistance to reality—convinced where only possible it to sell snake-oil, lies and ultimate doomdoom."

"...The writer has no freedom to dictate from the official line in any TV series. Take the medical shows as a group. *MARCUS BELESTY MEDICAL CENTER*, etc. Anybody watching these programs must of necessity believe the following about American medicine:

"No patient is ever denied a hospital bed or required to wait until one is available. No doctor ever charges for his services; no hospital ever bills a patient, no one ever has to go on charity or do without care. Almost every doctor cares about every patient—if only the patient lets him. Obviously one dies, but not out of the medical profession's inability to care for."

The Guild's report to Ervin's Senate Sub-

committee also qualified the exemption as well as nonrenewal of nearly all programs (including *THE F-B-I*, *Lawrence Fy*) for not only failing miserably to uphold higher standards of excellence but for not including "...art or music or literature in its guilty class after what it considers censorship."

The Report finally concluded with

"We disagree and a scandal that American television exports *CIVILIZATION*, *THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII* and *THE FORTY-SIX* SAGA, while it exports *THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES*, *GREEN ACRES* and *GILLIGAN'S ISLAND*."

There's no doubt that the TV industry has grown into a greedy monster. It's now one of the nation's wealthiest industries, but its personnel are notoriously underpaid but, to many instances, terribly overworked. And its main concern is not in program programming (as the above Report states) but in reaping commercial time—from 21 to 24 minutes per hour in most instances!

No sooner said than done. An *Interview* with Peter Cushing is already in our hands and should appear in the next or at the latest, the 22nd edition of *Coff*. How's that for service?—CTB

PAGING SERGIO

Dear Col:

Hi—here—here we have another Lester Boulteller in Sergio Fernando. I didn't want to intrude on his right to be offended, but Jesus, there's gotta be better ways to get offended. I mean, the human body isn't supposed to offend people (unless you're an alien). It just does. And when you do, you better knock it off or throw up at the sight of the human body.

I see no reason why you can't cover comic books, books and TV fantasy, especially since you're coming out more frequently (I hope). And there's no reason why you or someone else can't cut crap like *Thor*, *F-F*, *Superman* and *Spider-Man*, and the other duds.

As for *Lester Garp*—I can't imagine how a skin-tight black man who is a mercenary (usually a semi-supernatural) with an allegiance can be very complimentary to anybody. It's like the old *Patelice* concept, the "good" mercenary who accepts only "just" causes. Even in an unrealistic medium like comic, it just doesn't work. Perhaps a detective would have more potential.

How a little advertising for the *CoF*—*Artene*—Gallery. I'm very interested in contacting fellow SF/Fantasy fans. My own personal interests include writing, sightseeing and watching the game.

Berend Housman, 25-33 48th St., Long Island City, New York 11103.

—Desperately long at conditions are re the Comics field, they arent importantly upon *ST* for any reason. So, The Comic Council is now restored to *CoF*. As we're now doing our damndest to appear more frequently, other features, departments and improvements will be added—clear across the board.—CTB

FILMIC EXISTENTIALISM

Dear Cal:

I recently saw a movie called *RAW MEAT* with David Carradine and Chris Lee, and it surely has to be a record of some kind. Never have I seen a more repulsive, sick, mad, degenerate, decadent, repugnant [etc.] movie in my life.

I love it.

If you haven't clicked up on this little gem yet, I suggest you do so. You may just think I'm over the top when I say it's one of *you*. How about it, *CTB*?—he's got a full-length article on this epic, and on its star, Hugh Armstrong, who is excellent as the ghouls.

Jack Gassman, 1940 Bremerton Blvd., Massapequa, Long Island, New York.

—Sounds a lot like *THE HARRAD EXPERIMENT*—except it had less sex, more supermarket philosophy and nothing else. Moreover, thanks for the movie culture tip. Jack *CoF*'s participate well and undoubtedly fill over each other dashing out to see it.—CTB.

G & A

Dear Cal:

In *CoF* no. 20 you featured a story on *GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE*. What'd I like to know is if this film was supposed to be on television or in theaters and drive-in?

Your mag is great! Really great!

M.M.L., 2503 Madero Dr., Toledo, Ohio 43614

—Actually, *GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE* as far as I only appeared on radio. Still, what sort of answer does anyone using only their mind expect? Seriously, though—the film has only begun a series of engagements in a few areas. Keep your eyes peeled for newspaper ads and announcements. Or you can write to *The White House*—they know about horror than anyone else. Don't be disappointed if they prefer not to answer.—CTB.

THE BEST

Dear Cal:

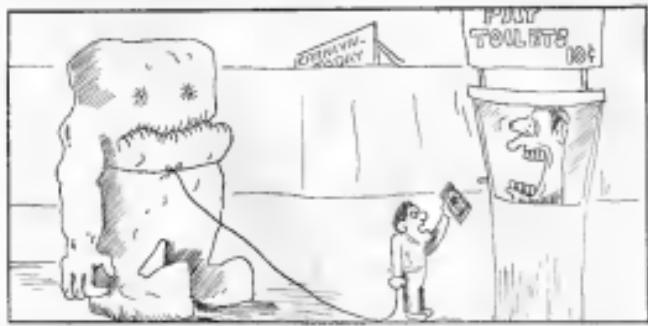
This is my first letter to *CoF*, and I'd like you to know that I consider it to be the best in the field. The entire mag has a glossy "look," more like *Playboy* or *Time* than one of the so-called "pioneer" books I have the terrible honor to read.

I must emphatically agree that you should discuss world events—"social commentary" as one of your readers emphatically demanded it. After all, we're all in the same boat, and only the most uncaring or stupid could be expected to ignore what's douring about them—and the *Washington* Titans certainly rate as the greatest honor show on the air.

I'm sending you and your staff might be interested in the attached *Pogo* that appeared recently. Peace.

Peter Crandall, 515 E. Price Street, Linden, New Jersey 07036.

—All of us also mourn the untimely death of the wonderful and great Wolf Kelly, who passed away last October, aged 60. Kelly's *Pogo* was a joyful mirror of establishment corruption and hypocrisy, and awfully tortured it so who think and act like Dick Nixon or Archie Bunker. Did you know that while *Space Agency* was still riding high as *V.P.*, and Kelly passed him in as one of the principal *Pogo* characters? I think that was around two years ago; *Space Agency* papers were afraid of White House censure and actually censored the strip *entirely* the *Agency* (like *Chicago* appeared)? These have changed, haven't they—except that *Space* seem to be also getting worse?—CTB



BLACK MAGIC INFO

Dear Cal:

I'm wondering if you could provide me with some information on the practice of black magic. I've looked for books but couldn't seem to find them. I hope you can assist me.

Tony Soprano, 9330 E. Kessin, Oak Lawn, Illinois 60453.

—Many questions regarding info from us about aspects for the study of Black Magic and the Occult (as if we haven't enough on our hands keeping up with our regular departmental). So, for the moment, in lieu of a growing readership *CoF* won't, let me refer you to:

Stephen Werner, 734 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003.

Besides being in business more than 40 years, he's one of the world's largest collectors of books in the genre. His store is open until 6:30 daily (except Sun.); or, he'll send a catalog upon request, free of charge. (See *Set*, the closer 3 pm sharp.)

COMICS ON PARADE

Dear Cal:

It's rather ironical that I turned on to *CoF* with issue no. 12 because of the Stan Lee interview, and now this comic book orientation is almost gone. What puzzles me is that you don't seem to realize that comic books of the 1960-62 season (before *CoF*) are the best comic books ever (so far). Not *all* that good. Yes, there was Steranko, and yes Lee and Kirby were great, etc. But it's highly subjective to assert that stories and formats were better than those. Also, the Code was being more strictly applied back then. Many, many new writers and artists have since come to the comic, some good, some bad, but the genuine comic books are the best. The comic books around in *CoF* no. 12 days, although some have shifted positions. The argument that "comic book publishers are satisfied and set in their ways" was even true (with some exceptions) in that period.

But if you, like a few others, are waiting for the "new" establishment to come along, and if you think better work is being done to "underground" comics and the future is in them, why not convert *CoF*'s critics to reviews to concentrate on them?

The *Neanderthal* Maestro Neugebauer, last month was responsible for a unique experience, that saw the firm over an Alabama audience. The *Neanderthal* comic book is not going to change. There is a scene, you will recall, where the hero is about to take photos of the heroine, just before the Neanderthal men is about to take one of them away. Most *TV*'s cut out from just when the photo are about to be taken, to where she's putting on her clothes and the Neanderthal man is arriving. Well, this version was *unconscious* there were at least three seconds or more of full frontal nudity!

Now that is itself was unique, but here's the kicker: the film was shown not late at night but early Sunday afternoon!

P.S.—I trust Robert Scheffler has forgotten *CoF* now that they've shown "Sticks and Bones."

J. Wayne Soder, 332 East Adams St., Rock-spring, Fla. 32286.

—Now that you've helped enlighten mankind with the latest revelation in heavier more severe, let's descend to other diversions—the comics

If you examine *CoF* no. 12's special Comic Book Council section—doing it with care—you'll note that of the 50 comics that were rated by ten different reviewers, more than 300 didn't receive very favorable ratings, and not all of those judging were enthusiastic about every title. Those that got the highest possible rating (3 to 4 stars) by a majority of the judges numbered less than 7 (seven?) titles, starting with the one getting the *heaviest* top votes.

Blister Weather

and running through *Batt* of Dennis O'Neil, *Fantasy*, *Foray* (no. 66 didn't quite qualify), *Flash Gordon*, *Marko 1*, *Play With Your Cells* (an underground one-shot).

Among those getting the lowest ratings: *Avengers*, *Batman*, *Detective*, *Tables of Suspense* 53, *Men in Blue*.

So, as you can see, we never really completely flipped over Establishment comics, even when we started paying a little attention to comic 2 or 3 years prior to *CoF* no. 12. Admittedly, we inclined heavily in favor of Lee's *MARVEL* Group, mostly because their only big rival, *DC*, was producing drab comic junk, and Lee's stuff also had possibilities of even higher potential. The last several years have witnessed what's happened to most of that potential. As for *Underground Comics*, our original enthusiasm for them has been waning lately, despite that they yet offer the graphic field's highest hopes. But, *mercurious* now exerts a tremendous influence and doesn't always guarantee excellence.

Comics that can't pay well often end up with the least satisfactory material, usually of an *excruciatingly* self-indulgent, pseudo-expensive nature, particularly *graphic*. If not pathetic, are the ones passed by *Blur* attempting to mimic "sheer magnificence" that come from drug induced mind. More on comics in general is in *CoF*'s *Frankenstein At Large* this issue, space permitting.—CTB

AND YET MORE ON COMICS

Dear Cal:

I just want to say (believe it or not) that *CoF* is the most interesting comic book of its kind since *Blur*. Not only is it interestingly written and well thought out, it also sells more in five pages than your competitors do.

Unfortunately, I've only gotten the last two issues so far, but I can assure you how important it is to keep an eye on *Screen*. I'm wondering if you have read Marvel's *Avengers*, #9 through #17 (The *Kree-Skull War*) or any of the comic-book *Horizon Silver Serpent*? Or how about Jim Starlin's *Captain Marvelous* or *Dr. Strange*? Not to mention the *Green Lantern*? There's no news about *Star Trek*—not even *Star Trek*! That's probably why that DC's *It's entirely out of it*. If that's the case, I guess it's best writing, but I don't know what is. What really gets me is that you place underground comic above those—she has the *we are some of the most sensible, juvenile trash*—ever published whose only usefulness is to teach us. Of course, it's possible for me to be wrong, so which ones were you referring to?

Can you tell me why DC exhausted *Captain Marvel* and *C.G. Beck* along with *It's*? How does *you* plan on dear old *DC*—etc., etc., I mean? "Gordon" art with no shading, hardly any perspective, and anatomically incorrect figures, just seems out of place today and tomorrow. What you can do with that stuff is the work of *Neal Adams*, *Mike Mignola* or *Berni Wrightson*. It looks ridiculous. Almost a mockery. Also, could anyone explain what happened to *Jack Kirby*? Ever since he left *Marvel* his art has gone so steadily down the drain that it's floating in the sewer. When he did the *F.F.* he was one of the *super*-artists, but now I cry every time I see his art. His stories aren't that great, either.

Before I close, I'd like to ask a question ever since I read the intro to *Lessons*: "Can we *discuss*?" Are there any plans at all for a movie about *Conan*, and if so, who's starring, directing, etc., etc.?

Devon Show, P.O. Box 1071, North Little Rock, 72118.

—*First* I *Gordon* thought of doing the film, with me staying as *Cosimo* (because I've always wanted to meet a *shady* SF-Fan fan club), but I turned over the part to *Vic* or *Marcie* instead. Seriously, there's been all sorts of talk—more than two years now—about *Conan* on the screen, but no studio has moved on it, despite the fact it's an enormous winner. *Re: Underground* (Conan film also my masterpiece above), a few of the best—or at least among the best—scripts are *REULL, FEVER DREAMS, BLACK ZAP, ANOMALY* and *Kim Deitch's CARN FEE*. At with *Endless*—*because*, the *Underground*—disputed over a handful of the *best*—I'd add *anti*-*Mr. Crash, Lucy Haze, Ralph Reese, Gorby, Deitch, Richardson, Dooley, Spuckler* and perhaps five or six others of the most, who all have *out* much *material* than they would for *Establishment*—comes, but *not* *all* of a *few* *terrible*—

—You've missed the *whole* point of the *C.G. Beck CAPTAIN MARVEL*—and this could be why you may have trouble getting into the "mood" of the *best* *Underground*.

Carrying this all the *rigidity*, monotonous and *creep* that makes most people take things too *seriously*, in short—*learning* to laugh, at *least* smile, not only by reading how *stiff* most things look most of the time, but... *Things* we see to find *most* *repugnant* or *abusive* are often *reflections* of our selves—*C.G.*

DARK SHADOWS & OTHERS

Dear Cal:

You're continuously making *CoF* better, and the news that you're planning to go bi-monthly is the best in years. The cover strip is a little distracting, but it's a part of you, and people have to learn to live with it.

Some people have written me, "I'm *DARK SHADOWS*' fan and cannot get enough info or *data* from their few theatrically released versions. If you haven't covered them in depth so far, please do so. I would also like to know if there is any way to purchase the *classic* movies. I've invested a lot in buying *transcripts*, *scripts*, *titles*, etc., and would consider buying the *DS* films. Also, see many publicity stills (photographs) are made for

movies, particularly for *DS*? I wrote to *MGM* and all their experiments but never got an answer—don't you *get* *lost* *report*?

Please don't feature anything on comic books ever again, they have a great lack of content and are not worth the time. I used to collect almost all *superhero* comic books but stopped when the prices went up to 25¢. [Especially since approximately 45% of comic book contest seems to consist of *adults*.] You mustn't change a fine publication such as *you* with material about the comics. Jim Maneselli, 6781 Cedar Dr., Orlando, Fla. 32807.

I *presume* you're inquiring about a *poor* *film* or *super-film* version of *Dark Shadows*. Since *collaboration* any *16mm* and *25mm* film is *legal* as *is*, *MGM* had to, to the best of my knowledge, do *anything* to prevent it in the *States*. But who knows, now that they've *cut* *down* *and* *now* *to* *other* *fields*. *Anyway*, you won't *look* *for* *info* *from* *collaboration* *now*. *Depending* *on* *budget*, *style* *of* *content*, *etc.*, *the* *number* *of* *still-shots* *in* *a* *film* *varies* *all* *the* *way* *down* *from* *five* *or* *six* *up* *to* *several* *hundred* *for* *black-and-white* *like* *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY*, *and* *THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE*. *The* *first* *DS* *more* *had* *approximately* *40* *or* *50* *shots*. *The* *first* *DS* *had* *Power*. *Of* *course*, *more* *complicated* *have* *cost* *books* *that* *may* *include* *hundreds* *of* *separated* *shots* *per* *film*—*but* *they* *try* *to* *pick* *a* *selection* *that* *they* *consider* *best*, *plus* *up* *large* *sections* *of* *it* *10* *sets* *and* *have* *film* *ready* *for* *magazines* *and* *newspapers*. *Most* *of* *the* *time* *comes* *from* *our* *own* *and* *experience*, *such* *associations* *are* *really* *quite* *useful*—*if* *averaged* *out* *to* *our* *fairly* *decent* *score* *out* *of* *100* *films*, *it's* *been* *a* *good* *day*.—*CTB*.

FRIEVILLE REVISTED

Dear Cal:

Concerned to the *childish* side, unending reprints and *misleading* of your *competitors*, the *excu* *15¢* *you* *want* *to* *charge* *for* *CoF* *still* *makes* *it* *a* *stagnant* *garbage*. I *especially* *admire* *your* *film* *reviews* and *would* *appreciate* *it* *if* *you* *would* *do* *a* *few* *more* *on* *some* *of* *the* *more* *obscure* *titles* *like* *THE* *SHADOWS*, *BATTLE* *FOR* *THE* *PLANET* *OF* *THE* *APES*, *5555555555*, *WILLARD*, *etc.* *In* *this* *you* *should* *also* *do* *a* *complete* *issue* *on* *TV* *sci-fi*—*star* *shower* *shows* *like* *STAR TREK*, *DARK SHADOWS*, *NIGHT GALLERY*, *UFO*, *LOG* *IN* *SPACE*, *VOYAGE* *TO* *THE* *END* *OF* *THE* *TIME*, *TUNNEL* *LAND* *OF* *THE* *GLASS*, *etc.*

I think it's about time a *reassessment* *begin* *in* *STAR TREK*'s *case* to *try* *to* *get* *the* *lowball*, *but* *lost*, *DARK SHADOWS* *back* *on* *the* *air*, *at* *least* *in* *syndicated* *re-runs*, *I* *can't* *comprehend* *what* *happened*. *At* *the* *time* *of* *the* *show's* *debut* *an* *article* *in* *a* *teen* *magazine* *stated* *that* *DS* *was* *going* *up* *for* *syndication* *as* *sure* *as* *you* *can* *be*—*but* *now*, *at* *least* *two* *people* *who* *would* *delight* *in* *the* *return* *of* *their* *series* *in* *re-runs*. *How* *about* *your* *magazines* *running* *something* *on* *this*? *(Sorry*, *but* *we're* *a* *policy* *against* *running* *such* *requests* *as* *your*—*etc.*) *I* *also* *like* *to* *see* *CoF* *has* *a* *Monster* *Poll* *such* *as* *Monster* *Times* *do*.

Larry Van Duyer, 3 Vincennes Ave., Staten Island, N.Y. 10306.

—I *dream*... *last* *time* *anyone* *polled* *me*, *she* *would* *up* *with* *an* *Oscar*.

Despite *so* *many* *flaws*, *DARK SHADOWS* *definitely* *deserves* *daytime* *TV* *status*, *as* *good* *as* *our* *area* *the* *afternoon* *TV* *standards* *like* *a* *fine* *work* *of* *art* *in* *a* *junk* *shop*. *Running* *it* *TV* *would* *be* *a* *brilliant* *Montage*, *as* *graduation* *was* *held* *up* *in* *this* *time* *for* *various* *reasons* *some* *of* *which* *involved* *constitutional* *problems* *and* *producer* *Den* *Curtis'* *disagreement* *over* *various* *financial* *arrangements*. *But*, *I* *gather* *that* *it* *is* *now* *current* *in* *some* *area*, *and* *should* *eventually* *earn* *her* *deserved* *JY* *prize* *over* *NYC*—*provided* *they* *run* *it* *first* *the* *present* *glut* *of* *merchandise* *mechanic* *"sports"* *that* *repolish* *so* *much* *time*. *Peabody* *is* *so* *bad*.

peppers *like* *Agnew* *and* *Nixon* *have* *done* *a* *great* *job* *stripping* *out* *many* *cultural* *flowers* *and* *culivating* *a* *Stendhal* *garde*. *PBS*—*educational* *TV* *notwithstanding* *and* *exploited* *badly* *by* *looking* *foolish*—*TV* *is* *almost* *entirely* *devoid* *of* *plots*, *usually* *needed* *experience* *and* *creativity* *that* *are* *exchange* *and* *develop* *new* *writers*, *directors* *and* *playwrights*. *NYC* *and* *most* *other* *large* *metropolitan* *areas* *have* *no* *spontaneous* *and* *special* *shows* *for* *youngsters* *in* *the* *daytime* *or* *early* *evening* *(pre-1960s* *age* *shows* *like* *Captain Kangaroo* *or* *Patchwork Family*, *in* *the* *early* *A. M.*, *had* *even* *bridge* *the* *gap*—*and* *blended* *it* *3 hours* *on* *Saturday* *morning*) *is* *a* *horrible*, *uncreative* *mess*.

Obviously, *the* *unconsciousness* *of* *DERE* *SHADOWS* *in* *a* *daytime* *metropolis* *is* *but* *a* *symptom* *of* *TV's* *naivety*, *of* *the* *whole* *System* *spreading* *disease*.—*CTB*.

APPROPOS OF THE ABOVE...

Dear Cal:

I've received a few readers complaining about your writing opinions on Nixon and other *minor* *political* *matters* in *CoF*. I am glad to say, however, that it's highly *gratifying* to receive such *negative* *responses*—*but* *not* *surprising*. *After* *so* *long* *and* *hard* *work* *and* *thought* *to* *get* *it* *right*, *anyone* *else* *can* *say* *what* *they* *don't* *see* *a* *damn* *and* *foolish* *attack* *on* *the* *boat* *that* *they* *haven't* *seen* *or* *read* *or* *heard* *or* *seen* *elsewhere*. *Don't* *drop* *your* *interest* *in* *comics* *reviews*. *True*, *many* *are* *only* *good* *for* *little* *kittens*, *but* *for* *the* *most* *part*, *they* *are* *better* *than* *they* *were* *years* *ago*. *You're* *right*, *of* *course*, *that* *there* *are* *many* *more* *interesting* *in* *arts*, *but* *there* *are* *many* *interested* *in* *arts*, *too*. *You* *could* *even* *decide* *to* *allow* *comic* *reviews* *again* *if* *you* *decide* *drift* *that*—*CTB*.

CoF *readers* *ought* *to* *be* *happy* *knowing* *so* *many* *Stanley* *Hauer* *TV* *programs* *are* *on* *air* *today*, *like* *STARLOG*, *THE SIX* *MILLION* *DOLLAR* *MAN*, *DRACULA* *with* *Jack* *Palance*, *and* *the* *new* *one* *FEAR* *KENSTEIN*. *There* *are* *also* *more* *books* *in* *the* *plans* *in* *hardcover* *and* *pb* *form* *than* *ever*, *such* *as* *"The* *Avenger*", *"Doc Savage"* *series*, *"The* *Saucer*", *"The* *Other*", *"The* *Invincible* *life* *of* *H. P. Lovecraft*, *"Breaker"* *could* *go* *on* *as* *an* *air*. *My* *in* *opinion*, **CoF** *could* *cover* *all* *these* *titles*. *It* *would* *be* *the* *first* *magazine* *in* *the* *world* *to* *totally* *cover* *all* *types* *of* *fantasy*—*imagination*, *and* *would* *be* *greater* *than* *it* *is* *now*.

Richard Matheson, 1774 Juneau Avenue, Cumberland, Maryland 21002.

—*On* *the* *other* *hand*, *... things* *may* *get* *so* *awfully* *dry* *for* *a* *while* *over* *one* *month*—*like* *Deck* *Nurse* *to* *Jack* *around* *any* *time*. *But*, *there* *are* *always* *other* *fun* *and* *gross*, *like* *getting* *after* *the* *horrific* *comics*—*e.g.* *syndicated*, *JTT*, *etc.*, *which* *people* *like* *Rod* *Stevens* *and* *the* *rest* *in* *NO WAY* *TO* *TREAT* *A* *LADY*. *But*, *it* *was* *enough* *to* *make* *the* *hard* *turn* *over* *in* *his* *she*, *not* *because* *of* *Priest's* *interpretations* *(which* *were* *brilliantly* *portrayed* *by* *Priest*) *but* *be-*

VINCENT PRICE APPRECIATION

Dear Cal:

About THEATRE OF BLOOD... *After* *a* *spectacular* *leap* *from* *a* *nighttime* *apartment* *balcony* *into* *the* *Thames* *River*, *and* *an* *hilariously* *flamboyant* *jump* *into* *the* *blazing* *interior* *of* *a* *burning* *building*, *Vincent* *Price* *should* *qualify* *these* *circumstances* *qualify* *for* *occupational* *hazard* *insurance*. *I'm* *in* *complete* *agreement* *with* *Priest's* *interpretation* *of* *the* *part* *in* *NO WAY* *TO* *TREAT* *A* *LADY*, *but*, *it* *was* *enough* *to* *make* *the* *hard* *turn* *over* *in* *his* *she*, *not* *because* *of* *Priest's* *interpretations* *(which* *were* *brilliantly* *portrayed* *by* *Priest*) *but* *be-*

cause of the script. The Shakespearean mood was all but obliterated by the camped-up style and atmosphere. On the other hand, the comic touches very adequately softened the otherwise harsh effects of more gruesome scenes. All told, this has to be the best horror film Price has made to date.

Gloria Flor, Apt. 3, 8 Old Road, South Amboy, N.J. 08876.

—**THEATRE OF BLOOD** is one of Price's best in a very long time. But in all justice to a brilliant film career spanning over 35 years, more other outstanding Price roles spring to my mind, such as his portrayal of the treacherous landowner in early 18th century New York who gradually deteriorates from drug addiction, in **DRAGONWYCK**, at James J. Jaffray River, the true site of an impious fraud who tried owning an entire state, in **THE BARON OF ARIZONA**, as the madcap, eccentric soap company tycoon (and probably his greatest comedy role) in **CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR**. And, of course, no need to mention **HOUSE OF WAX**—CTB.

THE COLLECTOR

Dear Col.

All is not well as well as material (books) for the **PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE** Movement (hoping to start chapters from Garrett Africa to Staten Island). I seek info of such classics as the above. Also am on the hunt for trailers of such films, like **ROBOT MONSTER**, etc. If you have such and don't notify me, Col's editor will put the CineWell Curse on you! Also went just recently as the sponsored guest of the **ROBOT MONSTER** Convention spider oil and bromine masks shared in KONG, And old monster mag like Certificate-X, Screen Chix, Monsters & Things, Shook, Gothician, Insight, Blaarr, etc. Info needed on rare or unprinted (1) **PLAN 9 FROM NIGHT OF THE GHOULS** (part sequel to **PLAN 9**), **VAMPIRE'S TOMB** (w/ Largo), **THE ROCKET MAN**, etc. Also wanted record numbers of **ROBOT MONSTER** (and **PLAN 9**), but only in stories. "Thirteen Fingers Horror Movies," soundtrack like the "Time Machine" theme, and many more.

I'm now planning and preparing a new fanzine, covering films and other SF/monster topics, called "Incase Fandom." Watch for it.

Don "Plan 9" Fellman, 67-41 Kissena Blvd., Flushing, N.Y. 11367.

—Modern Don "Plan 9" Fellman forgot to mention that he's the winner of the very rare and coveted **ROBOT MONSTER** *Bubble Machine Award*, to far given out only once in all these years... given to Dan, that is! —CTB.

And... that's about, though not quite, all there is to say for this issue. Glance over, however, on to the next page for Vincent Van Ghoul's mad boggling **CO/ANADDICTS GALLERY**.

NEXT ISSUE

CoF meets and has a long, in-depth interview with **ROGER CORMAN**, the man who built the **House of AIP**. And...

A new, alternate cover with **PETER CUSHING**.

As we did this issue with **Don S. Williams** and his incredible **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS**, **CoF** readers can and analyze another fifteen golden goods **NOT OF THIS EARTH**—appropriately enough, a Roger Corman film.

THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE gets a multiple analysis by several of the staff, along with a big, deep look into one of the year's most exciting flicks in a decade, **THE EXORCIST**.

Our long-planned series of articles on **ALFRED HITCHCOCK** should have begun this issue, and may yet start with the next one, unless we run into another space problem.

Meetings—we're still keeping our **Talent Hunt** open for any possible contributors. Keep on calling in. We'll give you a fast decision one way or another. Peace

—Caben T. Beck —

★ OLD MOVIE DEPT.—



"Aw, come on sugar! I just go nuts for big, hairy freak types like you!"





Bryan Mabrey, 1205 Santa Ynez Way, Santa Cruz, Calif. 95061, "Admirer" of *Fantafemme* Stay-At-Home movie. Wants to buy sets.

The Hammer, 1335 E. Hernando, Arcadia, Fla. 33561, devoted fan of *Frankenstein*, the *Wolf Man* and *Dracula*.

John Miller, 419 N. 47th St., New York, NY 10039, likes *LIFO*, *STAR TREK*, and wants info etc. on both.

Thomas V. Ailes, Rte. 1, 244 Strait Creek, Ashland, Kentucky, buys and collects movie stills.

Kent Prosser, 7282 Garden, Houston, Tex. 77012, spcl tx. animation info how to make models etc. wanted.

Kerry Parks, 15 Charles St., Waterbury, Mass. 01072, collects & buys film clippings.

Robert Friedman, 26 Berry Lane, Hicksville, NY 11801.

Tim Curry, 411 Lowe St., Greensburg, Pa. 15601.

Tom Miller, 217 Kennedy St., West Linn, Oregon, Ind. 47066.

Randy L. Shook, Rte. 2, Clinton, Ga. 30625, SF/CoF/fanaddict, collects horror comics and magz, etc. & wants to buy some.

L.G. & P. Cateena Jr., 161 Breckinridge Ave., Bloomfield, N.J. 07003, are CoF/fanaddicts per excellence!!

Reggie Bolten, 1322 Se. 2nd St., Peoria, Ill. 61604.

Jeffrey Litten, 303 Casson Ave., Moorestown, N.J. 08040, wants scripts, stills and any memorable dealing with *UNTOUCHABLES* TV series. Please list items and prices.

Thomas M. Marquard, 5113 Fairhill St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19120, writer/combodrama (preferably over 150) interested in Japanese horror—especially *Shin*, primarily *Deila's* *Samurai* & *Shogun* series.

Kenneth D. Duke Jr., Rte. 1, Gadsden, Alabama 35901, is a fan of A-collects material on the *PLANET OF THE APES* series.

Franklin Thimmes, 1982 Mt. Vernon Rd., Southbridge, Conn. 06488, will buy stills, posters etc., especially of *Scarface*, Kelly's Heroes, *Die Hard*.

Robert R. Ryan, 39 William St., Pittsburgh, N.Y. 15241, devoted to spcl tx. films and the Harryhausen style.

Edward D. Collins, 26 Seventh Ave., Maspeth, N.Y. 11362, interested in *STAR TREK*.

James Crawford, 1338 So. Merion, Philadelphia, Pa. 19142, likes to draw and hopes to be another *Tim Burton*; some day.

James Verrier, Box 999, Pataskala, Ohio 77465, Nelson W. Black, 2128 Clinton Ave., Arcadia, Calif. 91001.

Mah Kek Hwe, 598 Jalan Yew, Pudu, Kuala Lumpur, West Malaysia, wants info, contacts, price lists and getting more involved in spcl tx. film fan.

Hugh Sheller, 29275 Hickory, Rondele, MI. 49062, collects and loves CoF, and other genre magz, etc.

Marie Rothstein, 4665 E. 149 St., Cleveland, Ohio 44128, Any and all info wanted on Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Cameron Mitchell, Photos, club info, etc. wanted in these areas.

John Mason, 131 Glendale Blvd., Tenino, Oregon, 98581, Canada, Wants Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea and Outer Limits collection cards, especially the card quantity.

Australian Peter Cushing Club, Mrs. Linda Bennett, pres., 183 Pymthill St., Smithtown, N.Y. 11787. S.A. provides full membership info, club quarterly (avg. 50 pg.), including autographed photo, bio, program, etc., plus Cushing's official endorsement of clubs.

Peter Cushing, 1535 Alta Vista Dr., apt. 1000 C.J., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Wants to buy slushy b/w (or color) stills, especially Harryhausen.

Mary B. Howard, P.O. Box 187, Reedsburg, Mass. 02370, Bela Lugosi buff would like contact with others of similar persuasion.

Alan Condor, P.O. Box 334, San Anselmo, Calif. 94960, CoF/collector, has comics, records, SF/CoF/magz, etc., and wants to make contact with fans of these like *Star Wars*, *Cloakwerk Orange*, *Vampire Lovers*.

Oscar B. Cottrell Jr., 2339 Wayne Ave., Dayton, Ohio 45426, collects magz, etc.

Louis Allen Scheider, 20972 Wimbeldon Rd., Shaker Hts., Ohio.

Kathy Davis, 761 Union Dr., apt. D, Springfield, Mass. 01104, loves Japanese monster/Space/Fire.

Richard Litten, 655 E. 14th St. (apt. 110), New York, NY 10003, is a devoted star trek and *Star Trek* fan.

Miss Bunnie Coombes, 1008 Marion Ave., Chester, Penna. 19013, *Grease* lover.

In Closing . . .

Hearing the approaching sounds of horse hooves and groaning squeak of the horse's carriage wheels meeting my macabreum, I must take leave for my maddest rendezvous with Mr. Hyde—only a few evens ago, and I discovered this utterly delightful abandoned mansion. Splendid place for our secret meetings and "special" parties. But more on this another time.

A word of warning to you Gallery nuts, meanwhile. If you haven't a typewriter, you must spell out at least your names and addresses. Some of your penmanship looks like *The Mummy's* ancient Egyptian curse, and my eyes are now more bloodshot than usual. God, almost as bad as deciphering Watergate tapes.

Till next time when we meet again by the sign of the CoF . . .

Vincent Van Ghoul

MONSTER SALE Of The CENTURY!

Hundreds and thousands of fine, beautiful & rare items—representing my entire collection of over fifteen (15) years accumulation—for sale! Since this material was originally purchased, mostly can't be put now for SF/fantasy movies & series. I am not giving away *Star Trek* items. Still, TV & Film Scripts—33mm trailers (many from old film classics)—Prestwich material (solo or couple of hundred)—Magazines—old and rare *Fazines*. Plus other very rare Movie publicity material, other unusual items, etc. List available for 25¢.

Philip B. Mankowitz — Box 1416, Main Post Office — Boston, Massachusetts 02104.



Years-Emily,
Vincent Van Ghoul
the Gallery
Ghoul.

The CoFaddicts GALLERY

Hi, all of you out there again. "Tis I, old Uncle Vincent Van Ghoul, your friendly Gallery Ghoul. Like I keep trying to remind all you CoFheads, the GALLERY is free of charge to ALL! Unlike our money-hungry "monsters", mag-type competitors who put a premium on similar services or charge per word, we're real, genuine Dead-on-the-Ghoul fans just as most of you out there. Your deadly "sickies" is imagination.

Space limitations necessitate you keeping it short and sweet, in all fairness to others. And the only rule is that you must be a film fan, business and vampire-like dealers are uninvited on these hallowed grounds. If I heard name stories no wants or preferences, heh/heh is a SF/Fan/Fan with just general interests or per-persa in mind.

So, keep 'em pouring in—we'll list all of you. Write to:

CoF Gallery — GOthic CASTLE
509 Fifth Ave.
New York, NY 10017.

Robert Mether, 920 Cheapee St., Cheapee, Mass. 01013.

Max Miller, 326 Winchester St., Oscawat, Ind. 46773. Will pay up to 75¢ for 3 to 4 ft. times movie stills. Wants most exciting scenes.

Hermon Cornish, Box 684K, Route 1, Rapid City, S.D. 57701, collects SF/Film mags.

John Rines, 34 McKinney Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. 06606.

Bruce Linnay, 200 Carpenter St., Starkville, Mississippi.

Edward Ulrich, 1511 Fremont, Houston, Tex. 77003. Interested in Stein horror films.

HORROR FILM RARITIES

Here's an unequalled opportunity to own for the first time rare *S*-Fantasy-Horror FEATURE FILMS—not little one-reel cuttings or "samples" sold by other companies (ranging from 8 to 10 minutes) but full length features as they were originally meant to be shown theatrically. All come in single 200 foot reels (some come in 400 foot length, or two 200 ft. reels on one reel). And all are in standard 8 mm.

Lon Chaney Sr. Inc.

THE SHOCK

1922 — 6 full reels — \$60.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

A collector's item, this earliest Chaney classic available in 8 mm. Under the capable direction of Lambert Hillyer (who went on to direct the immortal *THE INVISIBLE RAY* with Ramon and Lupul and *DRACULA'S DAUGHTER*), it's an excellent vehicle for Chaney as he was reaching the mid-point peak of his chameleonic fame.

Boris Karloff Inc.

THE BELLS

1925 — 7 full reels — \$66.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

A great classic trip for all macabre fans, especially for Karloff fans, co-starring film greats like Lionel Barrymore and Gustav von Seyffertitz. Langley suspense and beauty influenced by *CALIGARI*. In this earliest of all Karloff features we see the character, Stooge, trying to hold his own in the world of the macabre, despite an all out war in the type of weird role that would establish his career. As the strange Mysterio, who is first found in an odd traveling circus, Karloff appears in a succession of dark and macabre scenes that rank among the screen's best.

THE CAT AND THE CANARY

1927 — 7 full reels — \$66.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

The original and definitive House of Horrors movie. Directed by Paul Leni, with Laura La Plante as the girl in distress. Fabulous sets, mood and grand "spooky" atmosphere, with more things, shadows creeping about at night or behind screen panels and down dark corridors than ever shown on the screen before or since then. An egg of haunts and horrors.



THE GOLEM

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

1920 — 8 full reels — \$59.00 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

John Barrymore took the fine line between great Shakespearean stage roles to star in this horror film classic which immediately established him as a film star immortal. Rated as the most chilling version of Stevenson's famous horror novel, Barremore's transformations sequences scale the heights of the macabre. A truly frightening horror film.



METROPOLIS

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20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

1917 — 6 full reels — \$74.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Long considered a "lost" *S*-fantasy classic, it wowed audiences when finally rediscovered and shown at the N.Y. Film Festival a few years ago. It's a tour de force of special effects, some work are quite remarkable as examples of the most imaginative art of film making. The earliest *S*-fantasy feature film spectacular ever created and the first feature version of Jules Verne's titanic *ImaginMovie*.

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DESTINY

1925 — 6 full reels — \$39.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Created and directed by Fritz Lang, the immortal director of *METROPOLIS*, the *MAUS*, *BUDDY*, *SPIDER*, *THE SPIDER* and many other great gems. A Lang classic must never be overlooked. He is simply one of the greatest masters of film making that ever lived, and he proves it in this earthshaking three-part mystical fantasy (and an acknowledged classic) that can only inspire Hitchcock to become a director but show his influence in the best works of Ingmar Bergman.

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THE GOLEM

1920 — 7 full reels — \$59.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

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8

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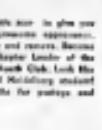
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BACK ISSUE DEPT.

—SPECIAL COLLECTIONS EDITOR—THE MAMMALS THROUGH THE AGES, THE HORSES BARLOW STOCK, FANTASTIC STORIES, THE LOST CITY, THE TOWER OF BABEL, JACK THE RIPPER, SEVEN-SEAL, PIT AND THE PUSSYCAT, FRANKENSTEIN, THE THOUSAND GIANT BEASTS, HUMORISTS, MYSTERIES, ALLIGATOR PEOPLE, SABRE TOOTH AND THE LITTLE FRIEND, HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, AND HAVE YOU SEEN MY CAT?—BY ROBERT L. STERLING, *Illustrated American*, BRITISH HOBOSSES.

A black and white illustration of a man and a woman standing in a graveyard. The man is in the foreground, looking down at a grave. The woman stands behind him, looking on. The scene is dark and atmospheric, with tombstones and trees in the background.

#2 - **VAMPIRE** - 6-pgs. horror comic story written and illustrated by Larry Ivie. **THE MANY FACES OF CHRISTOPHER LEE**, another 6-pgs. art & biography. **1957 MURKIN BACK OF HOUSE** DANCE, the **TM2 PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**, **1958 FREE COMBINE OF CALIFORNIA**, the tenement house, **EASY YEARS OF FRANKENSTEIN**, a street hobo plus many others. Larry Ivie is super-hero - **THE DAY THE MUSEUM**, Charles Collins art.

SPECIAL VAMPIRE 155 sub
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lish book* **FEASTS OF THE**
MAHARAJAHS, Charles de Lint
Leverett, **WONDERFUL WORLD**
OF SICKNESS, Dr. H. H. S. NO. 1
151 IN BATHHOUSE, first
FRANKENSTEIN MOYNIHAN

47 - Exclusive: *spouse-and-son*
-son style interview with **Bernie Kavalkash**, *partner-in-charge* of **ABC-TV**, and with the *son* of **ABC-TV's** *older*, *longtime* *television* *executive*, *the* *shocking* *secret* *of* *Louis* *Gregor* *by* *Robert* *C.* *Reissner*, *completes* *long* *series* *of* *interviews* *with* *very* *interesting* *people* *in* *the* *television* *industry*. **JUDY** *and* **RANTHOMAS** *both* **1937** *and* **1940**, *certains* *first* *Collegiate* *athletic* *champions* *of* *Harvard's* *honor* *team* *in* *the* *1930's* *and* *1940's* *are* *interviewed* *in* *book* *“The* *Harvard* *Athletes”* *by* *Robert* *Briggs*, *former* *Harvard* *JACOB* *THE* *SHIFFER*, *BRIDGE* *OF* *FRANKENSTEIN* *and* *other* *spouse* *and* *son* *interviews* *on* *the* *Fascinating* *lives* *of* *some* *“BATMAN”*

#16-Berry Evans records Black Tree Press Roland Lee biography; tragic Drug Addictors, last of long list interview with Christopher Lee, the story of a used KIDS EDGES; interview with Leonid Chayev, the reviewer of *SALEM'S Lot*; and a new DAMON LINDELÖF interview. *THE ADVENTURES OF BATMAN AND ROBIN*, Frank Miller. TX: Marvelpress. 144 pp. and "H" listings. Book review, biography of DC book writer Lee Bermejo. WTI: Esther's The Selfish Restaurant, reviewed by Mike McMurtry. Book review series by Sue Fifer, *Electric House*, Bob

DID YOU MISS ANY?



15-5 *Big Man*, history. **15-5**
Sam K. "Silent Flamer" Stevens
recalls his personal encounters
with Love in THE PETER USTIK
STORY—with character of all sorts
and with the **MONSTERS** of all
sorts. **15-6** *Five of a Kind*, history.
Burroughs' agent Dick Lovett de-
scribes **MONSTERS** of all
sorts—**15-7** *Burroughs!*—with illustra-
tions by Frank Frazetta,
and **15-8** *Samuel R. and Al W.*
Lipman—**OUTER LIMITS**, inter-
view with Arthur Linton, director
of **1963 PHANTOM** OR THE
OTHER. **End of the Cycles**, but
not the end of the **MONSTERS**—
15-10 *Man in the Mirror*, interview
with **MAN COCKTAIL**, one of these
words—with Boris Karloff,
ADAM'S FAMILY. Photo repro-
duced by Knopf in 1974.



The second **FORBIDDEN FRANKENSTEIN**, **FAVORITE RE-REPORT** on 2nd Volume **Science Fiction Film Festival**, **ROBERT E. HOWARD** and **THE SHADOW**, **LEONARD STANZI**, **THE SPIDER AND THE SCORCHER** and other great **serials**, part 2 of **LOW CHATEAU**, **JE. ST. THOMAS**, **WARRIOR OF THE COCKTAIL**, **F.A.R.T.** another **FRANKENSTEIN** film, **Charles Collins** on Robert E. Howard, **FRANKENSTEIN** four years ago, **CHARLES L. HODGES** on **DEAD DEATH**, **UNDISCOVERED** part 2 of **FRANKENSTEIN** TV MOVIE-GUIDE listing all horror on TV.



AT-Mike Perry keeps a slide of the set of **MONSTER, GIRL**, directed by Alvin and Dennis DeMille, Joseph L. Mankiewicz's **12,000 MONSTERS**, Eliot C. Berle's talk about the **MONSTERS AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, reviews of **TOONS OF LIGHT** compilation of LOH CHANET art, story, shooting of *Chicago* by its three different versions in **THE PERVERSE NOISES**, **SCREAM**, TV *Montgomery*, **"I** *Believe* **LEE & LORRIS: THE AVENGERS**, **THE SHREWD SUBTON MONSTER**.



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MANCHU and Christopher Lee;
David McCallum: The Man from
MONSTERS; William S. Evans:
The Last Days of Robin
Loudon; Peter Fonda: The
Foolishness of War; Robert
Redford: RAJAH; On the Sets
of *Hammer*, Lin Carter comes up
1968; The Team in Hammer-fantasy
Books, TV Movie-guide "C" Esti-
mations; *Hammer* Bookshelf;
ARMAND from 1965; *Hammer*
in 1968 TV; *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN*
television special, two *Hammer*
book reviews.



No.13-Special All-Space Issue:
"2001: A Space Odyssey" analysis/review, interview with RAY BRADBURY; "Planets of the APES Return" (exclusive score feature); review for the first time!; ASHL RATHBONE interviewed For Last Time; John Wayne TRIB profile; coverage & photos of ROSEMARY'S BABY, SARABELLA, etc.; "CALL-VAK": comic prefix in the immortal CoF moniker; "TV CO. NOT TV?" (that is a question!); RAQUEL WELCH



No. 144 - KARLOFF SPECIAL
"Tribute to Karloff" - "My
Life As A Monster" by Carter
HORROR FILM HISTORY
interview, p. 2; CARMAN by
BUNNELL (second section);
"The Man Who Haunted
Himself" by Carter; THE
ILLUSTRATED MONSTERS
written by LIN CARTER; THE
FRANKENSTEIN MUST DIE
DESTITUTE OF photos from
WIZARD OF OZ, GRANGE,
etc.



118—HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS (PART 2); MURDOCH REVISED; KURELOFF & HIS LEGACY; THE OZ-LONG BOOK; with VINCENT Price, revised; review of TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA with Christopher Lee; Mind Blowing Comics



No. 18

Part II: ROBERT BLOCH HS
new—1616 IN DISCOURSES
RUINED, Hemingway's later
—DORTON GRAY past and
present—THE VAMPIRE
DIVER—Part II of
MURDER MYSTERY OF MUR-
KIN FILMS. Rediscovered:
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40 V-13



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